THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 36.

HE WILL EXPLAIN IT ALL.

BY J. C.

Two women were dwellers beneath one roof;
The one was beloved, and young and fair:
The other, ah, well, she had had her day.
Now her cheeks were faded and white her hair

One at even-tide wrought on dainty robes
That told the secret she hid in her breast,
And smiled as she thought he will love me more
When he sees his child to my bosom pressed.

While the other knelt in her lonely room
With her dim eyes lifted toward the sky,
And prayed, "I am heart-sick, weary and old,
There is nothing to live for, let me die."

At dawn, in dumb anguish, a strong man stands
By the lifeless form of his fair young wife,
And his motherless babe moans in the arms
Of the desolate woman weary of life.

And the happy children play in the streets,
And brightly as ever the sunbeams fall,
And the busy crowds go hurrying by.
And some time God will explain it all.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, here's my place of business. You'll know where to find me when you want me."

"'Third floor—Pierce and Pierce.' Who is the other Pierce, Bob?"

"My partner."

"One of the mysterious unknowns who have figured as 'Co.' in former enterprises, I suspect. What are you now?"

Mr. Pierce dropped his voice and murmured in his friend's ear—

"Private inquiry agents, if you please."

"A private inquiry agent—you? Ho, ho! You don't mind my laughing?"

"Not at all—I'm tolerably inured to it; but I should like to know where the point of the joke is."

"Hang it, Bob, one can understand your being an agent for coals, sewing-machines, mineral-waters, knife-cleaners, or being even a theatrical agent; but it's past comprehension how a man like you could think of being a private inquirer—something between a plain-clothes policeman and an earwig! Certainly you might make any number of private inquiries without leading any one to suspect that you were employed for that purpose; for, to tell you the truth, Pierce, you look more like an alderman than a spy."

"I should prefer to be an alderman; but circumstances give me no choice in the matter. A moneyless man must do something for his living, unfortunately. No one would have me for a clerk if he had any business-principles whatever; I can't constitute myself director of a flourishing company; and I have not sufficient cash to open a chandler's shop. Here I have a snug little office at five shillings a week where I sit and read my newspaper without the slightest worry or interruption."

"But suppose any one is rash enough to employ you in a case that requires active investigation?"

"I shall still sit in my office and read my newspapers."

"But your case?—for I know you well enough to believe that you would deceive nobody——"

"Except in the way of business."

"I mean nobody who employed you. Well, how would you act fairly to him and sit eternally in your office with your everlasting newspaper?"

"Oh, the eavesdropping, the poking and prying part of the business is conducted by the other Pierce?"

"Then you really have a partner?"

"Undoubtedly; and, if you asked me the origin of my partner's species I should answer, without the slightest hesitation—ferrets. To a man like me, who loves peace and quiet beyond most things, who loves to read his newspaper without being bothered, and to come and go and do just what he pleases without interference, it would be, as you may imagine, a great blessing to be intrusted with an investigation that should occupy a restless inquisitive partner wholly."

"Undoubtedly. Is there any hope of your getting such employment for him?"

"I think there is. By-the-bye, I must put my pipe out. I expect my client—client, my boy!—at ten, and it won't do to be caught gossiping in the street with a pipe in my mouth. Come up into my office if you have nothing better to do for a quarter of an hour, and I'll give you the outline of the case—it's a rather curious one. But you must put your pipe out, you know."

Mr. Pierce went up to his office on the third floor, followed by his friend: and, when he had put on a pair of easy slippers, and both were seated, he said—

"We will begin at the beginning; read that."

He handed a letter taken from a bundle which he had brought out of the capacious pocket of his coat.

The communication, written in a feminine hand, ran as follows—

"Having seen your advertisement in the morning papers, I should be glad to know upon what terms you undertake investigations. Address 'Anon., Post-office, Waltham Green.'"

"I replied, saying that our terms depended upon the nature of the work and the amount of it to be done, and at the same time requested that she—our client is a lady—would call upon me or lay her case as clearly as possible before me in a letter. Two days later I received this."

Mr. Pierce handed his friend a second letter.

"The following is the statement of facts you require. As I am unacquainted with any person who has had transactions with you, and wish to commit myself to nothing at this stage of our negotiations, I have given imaginary names to the persons concerned.

"At the age of twenty-six my daughter married a person of title and considerable wealth.

"For the first two years my daughter lived in London and at her husband's country-seat.

"I have no reason to think that my child was ill-used during this time, although her husband was a man of the world, with a temper at times violent, as I had on more than one occasion to remark.

"At the end of two years Sir Charles went abroad, taking my daughter with him; and I have letters to prove that he was at this time unreasonably suspicious, exacting, and self-willed.

"They were abroad twelve months, and then returned to England, but not to London.

"In express opposition to my daughter's wish and my entreaties, Sir Charles gave up his town-house and insisted upon residing in the country, where my daughter suffered physically and mentally. The house was old, and in the winter, damp, and the society unbearable.

"My daughter had been used to indulgence, to life, and the excitement of the season.

"I can produce forty-three letters, written to me in the space of a year, to show that Sir Charles treated his wife with absolute barbarity.

"He would not listen to her wishes; nor, I may add, would he listen even to my prayers.

"Indeed his behavior to me became so intolerable that my visits at his house became shorter and more remote every time, until they finally ceased altogether.

"My daughter however did not fail to correspond regularly, and in the following year, the fourth of her married life, she complained bitterly of her husband's neglect and of the surveillance under which she was placed in his absence.

"It was clear to me that my daughter could not exist in this deplorable condition, and that either she would put an end to her life or leave her husband.

"She had begged me to procure a legal separation, but my solicitor informed me that this was impracticable.

"In the autumn of the fourth year my daughter disappeared.

"The fact was made known to me through Sir Charles's solicitor. A boat taken from the boat-house was found upset below the weir, but no trace of my daughter could be discovered.

"No one believed that she had committed suicide, for she had taken with her a maid-servant and all her jewels. It was concluded that she had used the boat to cross the river, and then suffered it to go down with the current. This was my own conclusion.

"After this, I naturally expected to see my daughter, or at least to receive a message from her.

"But no message came; and I then began to suspect the truth. My suspicions were verified in the spring.

"In February I was summoned to——, where a quantity of hair, some fragments of clothing, and some jewelry were shown me.

"I identified them at once as belonging to my dear daughter.

"These remains, with others unrecognisable, had been discovered under water in repairing the empty boat-house. I saw at once that Sir Charles had murdered his wife, and at the inquest I produced my child's letters, and described fully the barbarous treatment to which he had subjected her.

"He made no denial of my charge, he offered no explanation of the way by which his wife had come by her death, and he was committed to take his trial at the assizes. The prosecution was shamefully lenient to Sir Charles.

"Instead of representing my child as the blameless and suffering angel she was, the Queen's Counsel tacitly admitted that she had misconducted herself and given Sir Charles ample cause to regret his marriage.

"My solicitor tried to convince me that this course was unavoidable, since, supposing Sir Charles to be in his senses, a motive for the murder must be admitted; he further added that no jury would hang a man of title on presumptive evidence, and that the utmost the Crown could do was to cast strong suspicion on Sir Charles and debar him from holding an honorable position in society for the future.

"My letters were scarcely referred to, and in the witness-box I was grossly insulted.

"No direct evidence against Sir Charles was found; and it was merely suggested that, having followed his wife to the boat-house, he had there, tempted by opportunity, or provoked by her refusal to return with him to the house, thrust her into the water and suffered her to drown. The jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty'"—here Mr. Pierce's friend gave a grunt of approval.

"But," the letter proceeded, "I am thoroughly convinced that this verdict could not have been returned had a searching inquiry been made into Sir Charles' relations with the servants, who were undoubtedly bribed to withhold evidence. It is this investigation which I will have made if the cost of making it is within my means."

"She doesn't say what became of the maid-servant who left with her daughter.

"Oh, she disappeared—with the major part of her mistress's jewels!"

"Just what I expected. Of course she did it."

"Don't be hasty; you haven't heard the other side. I wrote to my client asking for particulars as to Sir Charles's defence. Here's her reply."

Mr. Pierce's friend read—

"The counsel for the defence charged my daughter with insobriety and a clandestine acquaintance with James Barton, Sir Charles's discharged valet, who is said to have been at the same time secretly courting my daughter's maid. With regard to insobriety, our family doctor declare that it was a disease which should have elicited her husband's sympathy and pity rather than his malevolent anger. As to the clandestine acquaintance, I do not believe one word of it."

"Do you believe a word of it, Bob?"

"Oh, it was proved at the trial!"

"How do you know that?"

Mr. Pierce chuckled quietly.

"My correspondent's vanity did it," said he. "You can see she is as proud as a peacock, and could not conceal the fact that she had married her daughter to a man of title. My partner at once recollected the case of a baronet being tried for murder, and of a boat being found at the foot of a weir. A few hours spent with a file of newspapers put us in possession of all the particulars my client mentions, and many others she had past over. It was proved that the lady was afflicted with dipsomania before her marriage, and that the fact had been carefully concealed by her mother—it was on this point that the lady received the gross insults in the witness-box of which she complains in her letter. It was proved that her husband was compelled to withdraw her from society, and that he took her abroad by the advice of a physician with the hope of curing her. It was proved that she grew worse instead of better, and had to be put under paid keepers. It was proved that she eluded their vigilance and carried on a clandestine acquaintance with Sir Charles's valet, who was dismissed on that account. It was proved that the lady's-maid was at the same time secretly courted by his man-servant. It was proved that on the day before the lady's death she received through her maid a letter from the discharged man-servant; and it was proved that the man and the maid were together, and took the train to London on the morning after the lady's flight from her husband's house, and that they carried a box which they would not trust to the man who took their portmanteau from the hotel to the station."

"Oh, the case doesn't admit of doubt! Your client must be mad to think of overturning a verdict based upon such evidence as that."

"I dare say she is mad," said Mr. Pierce with another chuckle. "I see her position pretty clearly. She marries her daughter to a baronet, and becomes at once a kind of Tritton amongst her middle-class minnows. Then comes this revelation, which covers her daughter with disgrace, and her also, and all through her own precious cleverness at the inquest. But for her evidence, there would have been a simple verdict of 'Found drowned,' in all probability. To save his wife's name from disgrace, Sir Charles said nothing about her proclivities or this unpleasant acquaintance with his valet until he was compelled to do so."

"That shows he was a gentleman. Of course, if you take up this case, you can't expect to prove Sir Charles guilty."

"I am not sure of that."

"What! You think he is guilty?"

"Of complicity perhaps."

"But there's not a tittle of evidence against him."

"There it is. You may fairly doubt the justice of any verdict that is returned for want of evidence on the other side. Ha!"

A gong upon the door in the outer office sounded, and Mr. Pierce rose from his chair.

"There's my client," said he. "You must go."

"I wish you luck, Bob. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER II.

MR. PIERCE closed the door of the outer office upon his friend, and turned to the lady who waited by the little mahogany counter.

"Ah, this is the office of Messrs. Pierce and Pierce, I believe?" she said.

"It is, ma'am. My name is Pierce."

"Ah, indeed!"

She unfolded a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and, holding them with great delicacy a few inches from her eyes, examined Mr. Pierce with the cool audacity of a very superior super-genteel person; whilst he, with knuckle on the little counter, looked over the top of his glasses at her with the stolidity of a phlegmatic man.

She was well dressed, tall, very erect, and about forty.

Her features might have served Mr. du Maurier as a model of his duchess.

They were features with a good deal of character in them—unpleasant character, as it seemed to Mr. Pierce.

She spoke with severe distinctness, and, having spoken, drew back her lips tightly upon her perfect teeth, giving to her face the semblance of a smile which seemed much at variance with the expression of her eyes, for her eyebrows were raised in pained astonishment, and she looked anything but pleased with the aspect of Mr. Pierce.

In truth, his appearance was enough to disappoint any one about to intrust him with an enterprise requiring shrewdness and quick address.

He was large and heavy, with the patient ox-like expression of an unsuccessful man.

There was a slipshod air about him, and a distinct atmosphere of the previous night's bird's-eye.

His dress was negligent.

Half of his ill-folded newspaper stuck out of one pocket, and two-thirds of an old bandana hung out of the other; and he seemed not at all conscious of his utter commonplaceness and very inferior condition.

She lady then lowered her glasses, and said—

"I have written to you, signing myself anonymously. You received my letter yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am. If you will walk into my office, we can talk without fear of interruption. This way if you please."

Mr. Pierce opened the inner door.

The lady hesitated, as if she regretted having anything to do with Mr. Pierce; however, there was no going back at this point, so she entered the inner office.

There was nothing at all business-like in the look of this small room except a desk and a stool.

Looking about her deliberately, she observed that, while the two arm-chairs had the air of being extensively sat upon, there was a thick stratum of dust upon the stool.

"I should like to know if you are the principal of this firm?"

"I am the senior partner and head of the business."

"Thank you. I do not wish to waste your time or my own, Mr. Pierce; we will therefore come to the point at once."

"She wants to get out of it," thought Mr. Pierce. "Like my luck!"

"You have taken three weeks to consider the subject of our correspondence."

"Yes, ma'am; we do nothing in a hurry."

"Obviously; and you have arrived at a conclusion?"

"Yes. We are prepared to make the investigation, and to begin at once."

"Just so. Be good enough to tell me now if you please, at what price you value your services."

"It will cost you two guineas a day."

"For how long?"

"Until the guilt or innocence of the party suspected is proved to your satisfaction."

The lady smiled.

There was something quite too ridiculous in Mr. Pierce's proposal.

"That is to say," said she, "the inquiry is to be protracted indefinitely at my expense."

"I shouldn't advise you to have it extended beyond six months. If nothing is discovered by that time, nothing will ever be discovered."

"I am afraid the result would not be worth the expense"—the lady rose from her seat—"I must therefore decline to go any further with this investigation Mr. Pierce."

With the slightest perceptible inclination of the head, she turned towards the door.

Mr. Pierce slipped off his stool with an air of resignation, and going to open the door for his escaping client, murmured—

"So much the better for Sir Gilbert."

"Sir Gilbert!" exclaimed the lady, stopping abruptly and turning towards Mr. Pierce. "How did you come into possession of that name?"

"Do you suppose I should make up a case knowing no more about it than you told me in your letter, Mrs. Gower?"

"How long have you known my name?"

"Only within the last three weeks."

"And—and what do you know of this case?"

"Sufficient to warrant me in offering my services on your side. This private inquiry business is not a very exalted kind of thing—not the sort of work a gentleman would take to if he could help it nor the occupation that any decent man would devote himself to without a pretty strong conviction that he could get his living honestly by it."

"Then you believe Sir Gilbert is guilty?"

"I believe that he is not guiltless. I am tolerably certain he had a stronger motive for wishing his wife out of the way than the counsel for the prosecution discovered."

Mr. Pierce spoke with his hand resting on the handle of the door.

Mrs. Gower, after regarding him without the aid of her glasses for a couple of moments in silent surprise, quietly turned to the chair she had left and reseated herself.

Mr. Pierce, returning to his desk, dropped, by force of habit, into the arm-chair that faced her.

"What motive had he?" she asked.

Mr. Pierce did not reply directly; he seemed to calculate for a brief space how far he should play his fish before striking.

"Do you know that Sir Gilbert has given up the Abbey?" he presently inquired.

"I heard that he had left Monkden. No one would miss him."

"Do you know that he has taken a second wife?"

"Sir Gilbert married again, and not a year since my dear Griselda was alive?"

Mr. Pierce nodded.

"To whom? What is the creature's name? How long has he known her?"

"Her name now is Lady Linton. He made her acquaintance about five or six months before your daughter was drowned."

"That is precisely what I suspected!" cried Mrs. Gower, in great excitement. "I was certain of it. I said to my husband again, 'There is another woman at the bottom of this.'"

"That reminds me, ma'am. If this investigation is to be proceeded with, absolute secrecy is necessary. Above all things Mr. Gower must suspect nothing of your knowledge."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Gower is in frequent communication with Sir Gilbert Linton, and is not only his friend, but also, I believe, an old acquaintance of the present Lady Linton."

"Oh, the infamous man, the monster, the wicked base creature! Why did I ever marry him?"

"Ah!"

Mr. Pierce made a little gesture which signified that this question was one open to a good deal of private inquiry.

"Go on, Mr. Pierce; do not regard my emotion. Tell me all; let me know everything."

Here Mr. Pierce thought that the time had come to strike.

"As you may suppose, ma'am," said he, rising and thrusting his hands into his pockets, "this knowledge has not been acquired without a good deal of trouble and expense on our part.

"If the investigation ends here, I shall be be a loser.

"That is my affair. One must speculate in every business.

"I have given you sufficient proof, I think, that we are neither stupid nor dishonest.

"If you still think the result of our inquiries will be not worth he cost, you are at liberty to withdraw at once; but, if you desire to know anything further from me concerning Sir Gilbert Linton and Lady Linton—and your husband—you must sign this little memorandum of agreements, empowering us to carry on inquiries in your behalf at a payment of two guineas per diem for a space not exceeding six months from the present date."

Saying this, Mr. Pierce pulled out the bundle of letters from his pockets, and, after opening half a dozen envelopes, at length found the copy of agreement which he handed over to the lady.

Mrs. Gower read the form of agreement through, and sat for some moments in silent reflection, tapping the paper with the rim of her glasses.

"It is not a trifling sum that I may be compelled to pay," she said at length. "Before signing this agreement, I ought to have a more defined prospect of success. The facts—if they are facts—which you have produced may be all that you can ever obtain."

"Oh, yes," murmured Mr. Pierce thoughtfully, looking up at the ceiling over his glasses, "I think you're right there! It's a fair suggestion. Do you think, ma'am," he proceeded, turning his glance down to his client—"do you think a man could keep a secret from his wife?"

"Not if she wished to know it," answered Mrs. Gower sharply.

"And there are very few secrets that a wife doesn't want to know, generally speaking," said Mr. Pierce, with a chuckle. "Now Mr. Gower was a widower when you married him. Do you think, if he was suspected of having murdered his wife, you would not have found out the truth very soon after your marriage? This is merely a suggestion to prove the case."

"Of course I should."

"You think that any woman, living constantly with her husband and on affectionate terms with him, would in the course of a few months discover whether the charge against him was true or false?"

After considering the question for a minute, Mrs. Gower replied—

"Yes; I think that any woman with ordinary common sense would discover that—after marriage certainly, if not before."

"Then I fancy I can give you some assurance of discovering more facts than I have already produced."

Saying this, Mr. Pierce had recourse once more to the bundle of letters in his pocket, and, taking out a bulky packet, he held it up and said—

"This, ma'am, contains a faithful copy of the present Lady Linton's diary, as I am to understand."

"As yet I have only just glanced at it, for it came to me only by this morning's post. It is not the whole of the diary, nor anything like the whole.

"Apparently it begins at the date of the lady's first meeting with Sir Gilbert; but I am assured that the diary contains a complete record of the writer's experiences and reflections up to the present day. I may tell you that my partner is now residing with Sir Gilbert and his wife, and has access to Lady Linton's diary."

Mr. Pierce looked at his slippers, as if he were rather ashamed of his partner.

"The opportunities of seeing the diary and copying from it are naturally few and brief—an hour or two each day is about the average; but we may reasonably expect to get the whole of it in time.

"I am told that there are facts relating to Mr. Gower which will be of great interest to you."

"You will let me read that and what follows?" Mrs. Gower asked eagerly.

"Certainly. I will give you this packet the moment you have signed the agreement."

"Give me a pen."

With some difficulty Mr. Pierce found ink that would flow and a pen that would write, and, having brushed the desk with his coat-sleeve, invited Mrs. Gower to put her name to the agreement. This she did, and then, handing the paper to Mr. Pierce, said—

"Now give me that woman's diary."

Mr. Pierce handed her the packet.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE LADY LINTON'S DIARY.

THERE were some women washing at the *lavoir*.

I asked them if they knew where I should find the English fishermen belonging to the boat that lay in the harbor.

They all ceased beating their linen to look at my dress and hear what I had to say.

One of them, leaving her work, conducted me to the end of the little street, and, pointing along the sea-wall to the angle where a man was seated upon a piece of timber, said that he was one of them.

I thanked her and walked along the wall which here was sheltered from the wind by a row of houses, so that one could look about and enjoy the strange and beautiful scene, which was strange indeed to me, who had never before seen the sea.

The wind seemed to have swept away all impurity from the air, the sun made nothing of the white clouds that crossed his path; everything was surprisingly brilliant and stood out clear and bold before the eye—the cliffs, the great rocks detached from them, the birds skimming over the water, and some boats with yellow and brown sails.

The line where the sea met the sky looked quite near, so that it perplexed me for a while to see the surface there so blue and still, while, but a little nearer, it was all of a blustering hurly-burly and yellow with the sand torn up from the shore.

It made me giddy to peep over the breastwork at the great waves that bounced inward and raced along by the wall, curling over in a lengthening streak of white foam as they ran, until their strength was exhausted, and they swirled back to meet others and be licked in and dashed up in feathery spray.

But I did not pay very much attention to the sea just then, except to keep closer by the houses when a wave stronger than the rest came spluttering up the wall, and leapt over the breastwork into the road, for my thoughts were chiefly concerned with the Englishman and my business with him.

First of all, I was astonished by the great size of him, and next by his hardihood in choosing to sit upon the most exposed point there was, for no particular reason that I could perceive, except by the violent wind and the spray from the waves that dashed against the angle of the wall.

It was unreasonable to suppose that a fisherman would resemble my dear father, who was a scholar and a suffering invalid; yet, through seeing no Englishman but him—except the artist who came to Neufbourg a long while ago, who was a thin, miserable-looking creature, and afraid to cross the stream for fear of slipping off the rocks into the water—I had come to think that all Englishmen must be delicate of complexion and feature, slight of form, and subject to take cold.

My preconceptions are nearly always wrong; but this was stupidly wrong, because I myself, although neither so stout nor so robust as many girls at Neufbourg, am not puny or feeble, and I have read in many books of my countrymen's great strength and endurance.

When I reached the end house, the noise of the waves and the violence of the wind so terrified me that I dared not venture to leave the shelter of the building, and stood there calling to the man as loudly as I could and gesticulating with my arms; but he took no notice of me, for the noise of the waters was far louder than my voice, and though his profile was partly towards me, he did not catch sight of my arms, for his eyes were half closed and his gaze was fixed stolidly upon the horizon.

He was not an ill-looking man; his features were large, but nicely proportioned, his eyes were deeply sunk, his nose was straight, his skin was fair where the sun and wind had not tanned it, and he had a short beard and moustache of the color of straw, and fringed with beads of water that sparkled in the sunlight.

He wore a yellow oilskin cap and coat a pair of great rough leather boots that came up over his trousers.

I had plenty of time to notice these peculiarities as I stood at the corner screaming at him and waving a handkerchief.

He had not an unpleasant expression on his face, but he exasperated me by sitting there smoking his empty pipe, with his arms folded on his chest, and seeming to enjoy the wind and the noise, while I was making myself hoarse and doing my utmost to attract his attention.

This made me forget my danger, and I presently stepped out of the shelter and made towards him; but a gust caught me with such force that I nearly lost my footing, and, when I opened my mouth to cry out, the wind got in and stopped my breathing.

I threw my whole weight forward, yet I could not advance for a minute; then, the gust suddenly subsiding, I dashed forward and came upon the man with a bounce as the pent-up sound burst from my mouth.

"Fisherman!" I cried.

"Well, what do you want with the fisherman?" he asked, having looked at me with some surprise as I clasped my bonnet with my hands.

"If you'll come out of the wind, I'll tell you," I attempted to shout; but the gust had returned, and, before the sentence was half over, my voice was silenced; and then as I stooped down to gather my petticoats together—for they were twirling about my legs horribly—the wind caught hold of my bonnet and carried it from my head, towards the roof of the houses, and then away out to sea.

It might have carried me away also if the man had not laid hold of me.

He rose from his seat and led me away, holding my arm so firmly that I could move neither to the right nor to the left, but went in a straight line to the shelter of the houses—just as if I were being guided by a great piece of machinery.

"What on earth did you go out there for?" he asked savagely, as he left go of my arm.

"Don't you know that you might have been swept into the sea like the thing you had on your head?"

"Then why on earth do you sit out there?" I retorted viciously, for I was enraged by the loss of my bonnet and with being scolded for my misfortunes by him. "As for the thing I had on my head," I added, choking with impatience, "it cost me fifteen francs at Bayeaux this morning."

He began to laugh; but, seeing the tears come into my eyes—for I could not restrain them, my temper having got the better of me—he became grave, and said in a low voice—

"I sorry you lost your bonnet. Let me tie this handkerchief over your head."

"No, thank you," said I very coldly, though feeling at the same time that it was very kind of him to make the offer; "I can do quite well without it"—which was true for, except on *fete*-days, I never wore any covering upon my head after putting my winter *capeline* aside.

"So much the better," said he; "you look better without it;" and he put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

I took no notice of the compliment—indeed I do not think he intended to compliment me, for he spoke in a plain matter-of-fact manner, without any of the polite accent and grace a Frenchman would have employed.

"Do you belong to the English ship—I don't know what its name is—that is swimming in the harbor?"

"Yes, I do. It's a 'she,' and her name is the 'Tub.'"

He spoke now in a tone of playful familiarity, which might have been excusable had I been a child or he an old man, but which—as he was less than forty and I was in my twentieth year, seemed to me an impertinence only attributable to that want of good manners for which, abroad, Englishmen are famous.

"Are you the master of the Tub?" I asked, looking as severe as I could.

He nodded, keeping his blue eyes fixed upon my face.

"When do you leave here?"

"As soon as my crew return from Bayeaux, whither they have gone to get fresh meat for their captain's table. They should be back now. Shall we walk that way and see? It may gratify your curiosity to examine the Tub's internal economy."

"I want to go in your ship," I said, taking that side of the path nearest the house, as he stepped into the road and turned towards the harbor; "but first I must know how much you will charge to take me and my bonne to England and bring my bonne back here."

He stopped abruptly, and, looking at me in amazement, said—

"Good Heavens what do you mean?"

"I have told you," I replied, with some impatience.

"I want to know know how much you will charge to take me to England."

"I'm not a steam-navigation-company," said he laughing.

"My bonne will not go in a steam-vessel; that is why we have come here. However,

if you don't choose to take us, we can find another fisherman who will, no doubt."

I heartily wished I had not sought this man, for I saw that mere Lucas's prejudice made us appear ridiculous even to this common fisherman.

I made a stiff little bow, and was turning away when he said—

"Don't be impatient. I haven't refused to take you. The Tub's a better boat than any in this precious hole, and I think I am as good as any other fisherman you may find here."

"That's why I asked you to take us."

"Thank you. I should like to know something more about you. Where's your home?"

"In the first of those little houses over there beyond the harbor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Which Was to Blame?

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

IRMA HOWARD'S face was flushed angrily, as she stood by the window impatiently tapping the thick, crystal clear glass, she bit her beautiful scarlet under lip until the pearly teeth left cruel impressions.

"I declare it's too provoking! Here it is half-past seven, and Gardiner not home to dinner yet! He knows I hate to be kept waiting—and to night of all nights, when there's the reception at Mrs. Lexington's to dress for. I do believe he does it on purpose."

Mrs. Howard swept the train of her elegant dinner dress across the carpet, and seated herself petulantly in her little blue velvet chair, watch in hand, and with anxiously gathering darkness on her beautiful young face, that should have been so care-free and joyous.

Really a beautiful face—the only one that had ever attracted Gardiner Howard, the rich young sailor who had fallen so desperately in love with Irma Ray, and whom Irma worshipped just as much.

It had been a love match, and the bride had felt, when she came to the magnificent home her husband had made for her, with its costly luxuries, its elegant conveniences, its corps of trained servants—everything that heart could wish for, Irma had thought, with thrills of ecstatic gratitude, that surely Gardiner Howard's wife was the happiest woman the sun shone on.

For awhile they were both perfectly contented; then, so gradually had a cloud arisen, so impalpable was the difference that grew between them, that neither one of them could have defined it at the first, save by a consciousness that there was something not quite right.

There were times when Irma felt slighted because Gardiner neglected to be home exactly to time, although that gentleman was usually prompt.

There were times when Mr. Howard thought Irma might spare him reproof, although she was generally amiable and gentle.

But now the time had come when there was nothing but reproaches from Irma—worse than reproaches: that ceaseless scolding, which is the very essence of unendurable misery.

When he was late, when he was unexpectedly early; if he did or did not do certain things, under all circumstances, Irma developed a first class lecture, always ready for him.

To-night, her watch sparkling in her hand, as she waited for the precise moment of the time to arrive when dinner should be served, she made a picture of one pretty and pitiful; and her placid, sweet, fond mother, from among the cushions of her invalid's chair, sighed as she looked at her.

"It's just half-past seven, and I shall not wait another instant."

She rang the bell energetically: then, to the servant who answered—

"Dinner at once!" in a tone of command, very unusual even in these latter days.

"Do you not think you had better have waited, dear? It seems discourteous for the master of the house to come and find us eating."

Mrs. Ray spoke quietly; but there was latent disapprobation of Irma's course in her ladylike manner.

Irma curled her lip.

"I might wait every night, mamma, for that matter. Wait until you have prolonged your visit several weeks, and you will discover for yourself how little Gardiner consults my wishes or comfort."

"It seems to me, with your efficient cook and servants, that the delay of dinner should be a very small inconvenience—certainly not warrantable for you to lose your temper before a servant.

"If you are so cross with Gardiner, I don't wonder he is tardy in coming home."

Mrs. Howard looked incredulously at her mother.

"Why, mamma, surely you are not taking sides against me? Surely you are not going to uphold Gardiner's shameful conduct?"

A suspicion of angry tears glistened in her eyes.

"I shall take sides with no one, Irma; but where I see a wrong that, if not righted, will ruin your home and wreck your happiness, I think it is my duty to speak to the one I see is most to blame."

She looked kindly, pityingly, at the sweet surprised face.

"And you think I am to blame?"

"Perhaps not 'only' but certainly very much. If I were your husband, I would not care to meet you as you look and feel now. Being your mother, I tell you what you ought to do."

Irma bit her lips as the butler superintended the serving of dinner. Then she dismissed the obsequious servant.

"We'll get on alone to-night, Dwight. You may go."

Then, to her mother, with her face very pale and her lips almost quivering—

"Mamma, you don't know how you have wounded me. As for Mr. Howard, if he has not enough affection left for me to treat me with some degree of consideration, he shall at least know how I feel about it. If he chooses to make me uncomfortable. I shall not spare him, most certainly."

Mrs. Ray sipped her soup thoughtfully as she listened.

"You are old enough to follow the dictates of your own conscience, Irma. I only hope you may not regret the course you pursue. That is Gardiner's step now."

Irma straightened in her chair, and a flush spread over her cheeks as Mr. Howard came in; a fine-looking young man, with a careless grace, and somewhat of indifference in his manner as he sauntered to the grate, and stood looking at the well-spread table.

"Nearly through your dinner, Irma? You see I remembered the reception to-night."

"Thank you. I am not going."

She spoke most chillingly, and he raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Not going! and Lottie Lexington such a friend of yours? I promised Norris to bring you. What will they think of us.

Irma's lips were compressed still more forbiddingly.

"Perhaps, if they think my considerate husband gave me half-an-hour to dress in—a specimen of the generality of his attentions—they will accept my regrets."

Gardiner frowned.

"That's the sheerest nonsense, Irma, and you know it. Because I happen to be a little late——"

She interrupted him hotly.

"Happen! when do you happen to be in time, or do anything you know would please me?"

"If your memory is so treacherous that you cannot recall any such act of mine, for the future I had better consult my own inclinations more."

She rose immediately from her chair.

"Your own inclinations more! Pray what——"

He coolly glanced at his watch.

"Then I presume you and your mother will excuse me! I shall go alone!"

He slammed the door rather expressively as he left the room, and Irma's tears began to flow.

"You, see, mamma, just how it is! Am I to blame?"

Mrs. Ray had taken no part in the altercation, but her quiet, thoughtful face indicated how deeply she regretted it."

Now, with a curious expression, she looked at Irma, and answered her.

"You are silly to cry. If you and your husband are perpetually squabbling, why do you live together? I will take you home, if you wish it."

Irma looked incredulously to hear such strange advice from her mother.

"Separate from him?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Ray, decidedly. "Anything is better than quarrelling. And you say he has no affection for you."

"I don't believe he has," Irma returned, angrily, as she remembered his hasty exit.

"And I will go home with you, mamma. I hope I'll never see him again!"

That night in her room, Mrs. Ray sat meditatively beside the cheery fire.

"Poor, foolish children! It will be a a bitter lesson; but nothing short of it will remedy the evil now."

* * * * * *

"Which way, Howard? To the St. Denis, or home to dinner?"

Howard and Norris Lexington met each other one bright March evening, a fortnight or so later.

"I'm not particular," Howard returned, carelessly. "St. Denis, if you go there."

Lexington locked his arm confidently in his friend's.

"I was booked there, because, you know, Lottie is away for a day or so, and home is a dull sort of place without her. There's nothing like these pretty, sweet little wives to welcome one with a kiss, is there?

Howard smiled bitterly.

"You haven't been three months married, Lexington, which accounts for your enthusiasm."

"Don't you go back on Mrs. Howard in that style. Bye the bye, she'll be expecting you, won't she?"

"It won't make any difference. I prefer the hotel."

Lexington dropped his friend's arm, and looked around in the handsome, moody face.

"Look here, Howard, what's up? You and Irma haven't quarrelled!"

"Really, I forget. It has been a week since she has seen fit to speak to me."

"Howard, do you mean it?"

"I wish to Heaven I didn't."

"But—but, I can't understand. Whose fault is it? Surely not Irma's!"

Howard leaned carelessly on the table, and drummed his fingers listlessly.

"Oh, no, of course not. Women never sulk nor scold, nor drive a man to ruin, by their fretting, fault-finding, or whining. Irma is an angel, and I am a——"

He smiled cynically in Lexington's grave troubled face.

"I know you will pardon me, old fellow; but remember, it always takes two to make a quarrel. If you are not happy——"

Howard listened moodily, then interrupted, impatiently.

"Happy? I never expect to be happy again. The truth is, Norris, I can't please her. Nothing suits: even my presence is the source of a perennial frown. Would you believe, I haven't seen her smile for weeks?"

He asked it coldly.

"Have you tried to make her smile?"

Howard shrugged his shoulders.

"I stopped trying long long ago. It's no use. She has lost every atom of regard for me."

"Nonsense! Now see here, Howard, and see if I can't give you a word of advice—if I am a Benedict of three months. You're all wrong—both of you—all wrong. Irma has acquired a habit of fretting and being unpleasant: you have given up all attempts to win her back to sweetness and happiness again. You must begin over—go back to your courting days. Don't tell me she doesn't love you—and I know you love her?"

Howard flushed consciously.

"If she was what she used to be——"

"Exactly—make her what she used to be. And I'll bet she thinks the very same of you. Isn't it worth trying for?"

A pale, anxious expression was on Howard's handsome face.

"Don't waste time thinking. Go home to dinner—take her a bouquet—meet her—you know how, and my word for it, you'll be the happiest man to-morrow."

Half an hour later, with a tiny basket of purple and white violets, in the centre of which was his wife's name in dainty pink rosebuds, Mr. Howard knocked at the door of Irma's dressing room—to be met by the maid with a folded and sealed letter in her hand.

"Missus has been gone out an hour or so, and said I was to give you this," she explained, and left the room.

A dim, vague horror oppressed him as he took the letter and broke it open.

His hand trembled, and a very sickening sense of loss and desolation came over him, as he read the following—

"Good-bye. I have at length decided to leave the house that is a home for me no longer, where, for weeks, I have been learning that the greatest mistake of my life was in becoming the wife of a man who never loved me. I am going home with my mother,

"I. H."

Gone!

Gone from the house that was "a home no longer."

And he—he had helped make it so to her, he, the man who loved her so truly, so ardently, before these evil days had come upon them.

How empty and desolate the house felt.

Not to have her there, whom he had come to make his peace with, come to woe again as in other better times.

The dainty flower basket seemed to mock him, and the rosy name to prick down into his conscience as he stood there, disappointed, bewildered, and horror-stricken.

Then, with a sob wrung from such anguish as seldom passes a man's lips, he bowed his head on his hands.

"My God, forgive me and give her back—my darling, my darling."

Then—a swift rushing of garments, a tread of light feet, and Irma and Gardiner rushed into each other's arms.

"Gardiner, oh, I never thought you would care; indeed I never did. Can you ever forgive me, dear, for being so wicked? It is all my fault. I've been so wayward. Darling—husband, how thankful I am I waited to see what you would do when you read my letter. Just suppose you hadn't cared."

She shivered, even while he caught her in his glad arms and kissed her.

"We will never think of it again, Irma. It is all over now, and I'll never be so cruel to you again."

"Nor I, Gardiner."

* * * * * *

And Mrs. Ray, over her fire, smiled astutely to herself.

And from that night, the skeleton disappeared forever from the Howards' beautiful home and happy hearts.

Bric-a-Brac.

A LIBEL FAN.—In Japan, when a man wants to make his neighbor's life a burden to him, he has a caricature of him painted on a fan, and gives it a wide circulation. This is more effective than newspaper libel and not so likely to cause the arrest of the libellant.

NO STONE UNTURNED.—The expression, "to leave no stone unturned," may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the means of finding a treasure buried by Mardonius, Xerxes' general, on the field of Platea. The Oracle replied: "Turn every stone."

COAL.—Theophrastus, a Greek writer who flourished in the fourth century before the Christian era, in a work entitled the "Book on Stones" describes an earthy substance which would kindle and burn, and which was used by smiths. There can be no doubt that he refers to coal, and that this is the earliest passage in which that substance is expressed or mentioned.

CHINESE OCCUPATIONS.—The Chinese are said to have a curious way of determining the future occupations of a male infant. On the first birthday he is seated in a large stove, with money scales, a foot measure, a pair of shears, a brass mirror, a pencil, ink and books, an abacus and similar articles ranged in a circle around him. The article which he handles first is a sure prophecy of the direction in which his future activities will lie.

WORKING OUT HIS ADMISSION FEE.—A Clinton county, Iowa doctor attended a birth about fifteen years ago, for which his bill was $10. The account ran along till a few days ago. The subject of the doctor's professional skill, now a smart lad of 15 years, was hired by that gentleman as stable boy, and, at the end of his first month, carried home the receipt for the old debt as pay for his services. It is the first case on record where a boy has been obliged to pay his own expenses in coming into this world.

STATE ETIQUETTE IN TUNIS.—Etiquette in Tunis requires that the man who is to succeed the ruler should be completely ignored. No minister or state officer could visit him or communicate with him without running the risk of loosing his office or of being exiled. Even the representatives of foreign governments may not visit the heir, and personally he is quite unknown to them. For a native to show him any mark of attention would be high treason, and such an act by a foreign consul would be regarded as evincing a want of respect for the Bey, every manifestation of regard for the heir being tantamount to an intentional allusion to the transitory power of the Regent, and to his eventual death.

GREAT SNAKES.—As a couple of gentlemen were riding down the Roanoke valley, Virginia, recently, they saw a huge green-colored snake writhing and twisting at the root of a beech tree. Going closer they discovered it to be one of the horned species of the hoop snake. It had formed itself into a hoop by taking its tail in its mouth and rolled down the hill in pursuit of a rabbit or other small game. So great had become its velocity that it could not guide itself, and it had struck the tree with such force as to drive its horns into the solid wood to the depth of an inch or more, holding it tight and fast. There are a great many trees in the vicinity that have been struck in the same way, and they invariably die. So deadly is the poison that the leaves on young oaks have been known to wither within an hour after being struck.

"GOOD MORNING."—It is astonishing how old this salutation is, and how it differs amongst various races. The Greeks wished a man to be of "good cheer." The Romans, trusted their friends might, that day, find themselves in a state of health and safety. But when the matter is looked into, the reason explains itself. The Greek was a gay dog, and happiness at any cost was his ideal. Hence be of "good cheer,"—make the most of the moment. The Romans however, surrounded by the cares of a vast empire, threatened now by one foe and again by another, used a more solemn greeting. "Health" was the first wish, because his idolized Rome was surrounded by foes. "Safety" was his second wish, for at any moment the faithful end of all things might come. In China, "good morning" almost grows comic. It means there "Have you eaten your rice, and is your stomach working well?" Fancy putting these phrases to an American.

ADVENT OF TEA.—When tea was first introduced in England the ignorance of its preparation was illimitable, and fine ladies, determined to tread closely on the heels of fashion, were compelled to take lessons in the art of brewing it. One lady, before consenting to become a candidate for culinary honors, boiled several pounds and served it as a vegetable. Another, equally stupid, set forth her table with it as dried fruit, and naturally failed to relish it. At the tea-parties, in the seventeenth century, the leaves from which the tea had been drawn were handed round to be eaten, as a great delicacy, with bread and butter. To refuse was to affront the giver of this odd entertainment, and to stamp oneself an "outer barbarian" in the realms of gentility. Not so very long ago it was the general custom in many parts of the country to carry to tea parties one's own cup or tea-dish. The latter curious vessel—from eight to ten inches square and an inch deep—gave rise to the phrase, "a dish of tea."

A RAILROAD "TATTLER."—A minister has invented what railroad men denominate a "tattler." It is a simple piece of mechanism, and consists of a broad band of linen which winds off a reel, and is registered as it unwinds very much like the tape in the brokers' offices. This contrivance is locked in a box in the caboose of a freight train and the other end attached to the axle of the same car. Its object is to detect freight trains when they make faster time than the schedule calls for. Freight crews are in the habit of loitering at stations and making up the lost time by fast runs. Many serious accidents have been attributed to this, and the managers of railroads centering in Scranton where the "tattler is used, have determined to try it as a means of putting a stop to loafing by freight crews.

PRESERVING GRAPES.—A French journal gives the following method of preserving grapes, as described by the inventor of the process: At the end of October cut the bunches with the portion of wood attached. I trim the base of this last to a point, and stick it into a potato. Afterwards I spread the grapes upon straw, or very dry hay, and as much as possible so that they do not touch each other. Thus prepared, these grapes keep quite as well as if the stems were placed in bottles of water.

THE death is announced of King Omoru, one of the sovereigns of the African coast. This monarch was, as the saying is, very much married. He had 706 wives and 95 children, 77 of the latter being still alive. His eldest son and successor is as luxurious as his father, having 412 wives.

THE WINDS.

BY RITA.

"What meanest thou, O fresh spring wind,
Whistling so cheerily?
Why at you sunny nursery-blind
Singest so merrily?"
"In you fair room a babe is born;
I sing to greet the merry morn."

"What meanest thou, O autumn wind,
Moaning so drearily?
What at you muffled window-blind
Wailest so wearily?"
"Death's anguish rends a mourner's breast;
She wails for sleep—she means for rest."

"What meanest thou, O winter wind,
Striding so mightily?
What scene of rapture dost thou find
Rending the cloud cast sky?"
"From earth this night a soul is riven;
I roll the cloud away from heaven."

"What meanest thou, O summer wind,
That thou dost breathe so low?
What burden bearest on thy mind?
What secret none may know?"
"Beneath you spreading chestnut-bough
Two lovers breathe a solemn vow."

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU are quite right," she said; "you are quick to understand. I certainly did think it would be better to wait a short time before sending out any invitations. I think so still."

"Did you like Paris?" asked Lady Lester, anxious to avert a collision.

"Very much; there is plenty of life there," replied Violet.

"Randolph likes solitude; I like cities. I like great tides of human life flowing to and fro."

"You have an active energetic nature perhaps," said Lady Lester.

"I am afraid I have a great deal of energy," said Violet.

And the Countess of Lester sighed, as though that were a thing deeply to be deplored.

"You will want it all," said Monica suddenly.

And, if an oracle had spoken, they could not have been more surprised.

She flushed crimson when she realized what she had said.

The Countess, with unusual good nature came to the rescue.

"You will indeed," she agreed; "and, if Randolph does as we have always wished, and turns his attention to politics instead of painting, you will not have energy enough."

"In what way would that affect me?" asked Violet.

"The wife of a great politician or a great statesman has many cares," said the dowager.

"It is not probable that you would understand."

"I do not see why I should not understand," rejoined Violet.

"Every wife is supposed to be more or less engrossed in the pursuits of her husband."

"I thought, having lived all your life in the country, you would hardly enter into these matters," explained the dowager.

"Living in the country," said Violet, with a smile that was both bitter and sweet, "does not place a limit to any one's intelligence, I hope."

"I do not know," returned Lady Ryvers slowly.

"I have always understood that it did."

"There is not, of course, so much to see and hear," put in Lady Lester.

"I like great cities and the rush of life," said Violet; "but I think the finest, noblest, and most poetical natures love the country best.

"Randolph does, and he is as much poet as painter."

The dowager rose quickly.

It was intolerable to her that this girl should argue and hold her own with such self-possession.

Monica saw that her mother was ruffled and irritated.

"You will not be long, Randolph?" said her ladyship, as she passed by her son. "As he has chosen to marry a girl of that kind, he may entertain her; I shall not," she said to herself.

Monica had her own method of managing her mother.

The Countess of Lester never attempted it.

She allowed everything to take its own course.

Monica placed her mother's easy-chair for her.

She knew exactly how she liked her reading-lamp shaded.

She knew the exact page at which to open the periodical she had been reading.

Her favorite periodical was "Temple Bar."

It was well understood by her daughters that the mistress of Ryverswell chose those few minutes after dinner for sleep.

But there was no drooping of the proud white eyelids this time.

The dowager looked particularly wide awake.

Lady Lester settled herself easily in one of the most luxurious of chairs and closed her eyes.

She did not intend to take any part in what Monica called the "family battues."

Violet looked round the large magnificent room.

She wished that Randolph would come. She hoped he would remember how lonely she must feel.

Lonely, but perfectly self-possessed.

She was not in the least nervous with the three ladies.

Mentally she thanked Heaven that she should not be compelled to live always with them.

If she could endure her new life—and she was not sure of it—her time would not be spent with them.

Seeing Lady Lester's eyes closed and Monica busy, she went over to one of the side-tables where some photographs had been placed.

She took one.

It was of Randolph, taken when he was a boy.

Monica paused as she was looking at it.

"That is a good photograph," she said. "It is the one mamma likes best of Randolph."

Hearing the remark, the dowager went up to them.

Violet held up the little picture to her, and, as she did so, she saw a spasm of pain pass over the proud face.

"Yes," said her ladyship, "that was Randolph as a boy.

"A fine open face. I was proud of him then."

"Are you not proud of him now?" asked Violet.

The elder woman shook her head.

"No; I am most bitterly disappointed in him," she replied. "His infatuation for painting has always been a keen source of trouble to me; and now you must forgive me if I say that my disappointment is complete over his marriage."

"I am sorry," said Violet stiffly.

"Sorrow will not mend it, I fear," remarked her mother-in-law.

"He is the head of a noble family and of a grand old race. I have nothing to say against you personally; but my son's marriage is to me the keenest disappointment in the world."

Then Violet's face flushed hotly, and a light that was not pleasant to see flashed in her eyes.

"It may be so," she replied; "but I question the good taste of saying so to me."

"There I differ from you altogether," said the dowager.

"I feel bound to express my disapprobation to you. I think you did wrong to marry my son."

"I think," rejoined Violet, trying to speak calmly, "that your son did a far worse wrong in marrying me.

"Perhaps the circumstances of that marriage are not known to you."

"They certainly are not," said the older woman; "nor do I wish to know them."

"Then would it not be better for your ladyship to suspend your judgment until you do know them?

"You have spoken your mind; allow me to speak mine. Had I known that your son was Lord Ryvers, I would rather have died than have married him!"

The dowager Lady Ryvers looked at her with wondering eyes.

"Am I to understand," she asked, "that you did not know who my son was—that you did not know that he was heir of Ryverswell?"

"Ryverswell!" repeated Violet, with scorn and contempt that almost annihilated her listener.

"I did not know there was such a place; and I have been brought up to respect a man who makes a name for himself, rather than a man content to bear the name made for him."

"Why, you must be a—a Chartist or a Radical!

"What could Randolph have been thinking of?" cried the dowager, raising her hands in horror.

"If your ladyship wishes for any more information with regard to the marriage," said Violet proudly, "I refer you to your son."

She walked away and entered the conservatory with all the dignity and majesty of an insulted queen, leaving the elder woman petrified with astonishment.

Never had any person so addressed her in the whole course of her life.

She remained standing for some minutes with the photograph in her hand; then, recollecting herself, she crossed the room to Lady Lester.

"My dear Marguerite," she said, "do open your eyes. I think I shall go mad; the affair is ten thousand times worse than I feared!"

"Is it? Why, mamma? I was hoping you would find it better."

"My dear, the girl is perfectly horrible. I shall decline to remain here with her. Randolph must have lost his senses. She is a Chartist, or something of that kind."

"That will not matter, mamma. No one will trouble about her opinions while she has that beautiful face."

"She was positively rude to me, Marguerite—rude—and to me!

"No one has ever spoken to me in such a fashion; and she says—listen, my dear!—she says that, if she had known Randolph was Lord Ryvers, she would not have married him. Do you believe it?"

"She looks truthful," said the Countess of Lester; "and Randolph has always had strange notions.

"It may be true; but, mamma, I would not, if I were you, come to open warfare with her. "It will not be wise."

"She will not be easily crushed," replied Lady Ryvers—"I can see that."

Not one word more was exchanged that evening between Lord Ryvers's mother and his wife.

Violet's heart was heavy with indignation hot with anger.

She said to herself over and over again that she could not bear it, that she would not bear it.

She said nothing that evening to her husband.

He looked so bright and happy, she would not trouble him.

In her heart she hated it all—the luxury, the magnificence, the grandeur, the ceremony—hated it all, and longed even for her old home at St. Ryno's.

There was no one to whisper a warning that, unless she were careful, in learning to hate her husband's surroundings she might learn to dislike him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"MOTHER," said Lord Ryvers, "do you like my wife? I should be pleased to know what you think of her. She is very beautiful and graceful.

"All her perfections will be doubly dear to me if you admire them."

It was the morning after their arrival.

The dowager Lady Ryvers had excused herself from attending the breakfast-table under the plea of a headache.

But her son, hearing that she was now writing letters in her boudoir, had gone to see her.

He was anxiously awaiting his mother's verdict.

He had been delighted with Monica, who gave unqualified approval, and who, with a rapturous flash from her eyes and a warm kiss, had cried out—

"I love her, Randolph; she is so beautiful!

"I shall love her, and fight all her battles for her.

"I hope there will be no battles to fight," he answered.

"There will, and plenty too," she said.

Those words had made the young lord very anxious, and he had gone to see his mother.

She looked very stately and very handsome that morning.

She wore a tight-fitting dress of some black material, with rich ruffles of point-lace at the wrist and the throat.

Her white hands shone with jewels.

The point-lace on her hair was fastened with a golden arrow.

She looked up with a doubtful smile when her son entered.

She did not return his hearty embrace.

Then he went to the fireplace, and stood watching her with anxious eyes.

"Tell me, mother," he said, "what you think of wife.

"Every word you utter in praise of her will be sweetest music to my ears."

Then Lady Ryvers laid down the pretty pen with which she had been busy, and, pushing aside her writing-desk, went to her son and stood by this side.

She laid her hand on his shoulder, with a gesture that with her meant a caress.

"My dear Randolph," she answered slowly, "I do not like your wife at all. I am sorry to pain you.

"After the entire devotion of my love to you, I hoped that you would bring me a daughter-in-law somewhat to my taste and one whom I could love. It is not so."

She never forgot the little cry of pain that came from his lips, nor the haggard expression that seemed in one moment to crush out the beauty of his face.

"I will not reproach you," continued the dowager, "although I am quite at a loss to know why you acted as you did.

"I think, after I had devoted my life to you and to your interest, the least you could have done would have been to consult me in the choice of a wife; you failed to do so."

"My dearest mother, I fell in love," he said, as though that would excuse everything.

"I never thought I should do such a thing."

"It would have been just as easy to have fallen in love, as you phrase it, with a girl in your own rank of life."

"My dearest mother, Violet is a lady," he remonstrated.

"There are ladies and ladies," Lady Ryvers rejoined sententiously. "You cannot say that she is a gentleman.

"Even granted that you fell in love, Randolph, you should have consulted me."

"I acknowledge," he said, with that graceful humility which sits so well upon a proud man, "I ought to have done so. Still, mother, in love and marriage a man is supposed to please himself.

"It is the one great action on which the comfort or misery of his life depends."

"For that very reason you should have consulted me," his mother persisted. "Marriage is such a very important event.

"Since you have grown up it has been my greatest wish to see you allied to some charming girl of high position.

"The only thing was that none seemed good or pretty enough for you; and now ——"

The "now" was suggestive enough; but Lord Ryvers would not notice it. She went on—

"I tell you quite candidly, Randolph, your marriage is the great disappointment of my life.

"Your father's death was a sorrow that was bearable; this is unbearable. I shall be ashamed to take my place in the world again.

"You might have done so well, and you have done so badly. Your marriage will make you the laughing-stock of all our friends."

"I do not think so, mother; but, even if the world laughs until it is tired, I do not care."

"I do," declared Lady Ryvers. "Our name has hitherto been one which men have uttered with respect. You have brought the first shadow upon it."

"You are wrong," he said. "It is true that Violet had no money, no position; but those are trifles compared with her beauty and her grace. Then I loved her—I loved her!

"My life would have been all dark," he cried, "but for her. You will find that when Violet takes her place in the world she will be one of its queens; she has in her all the elements of a grand and noble womanhood.

"It is not as though she were ignorant or badly trained: you speak of her as though she were entirely uneducated. I care very little about the laughter or approval of the world, mother."

There were deep lines on Lady Ryver's forehead, lines her son had never seen there before.

He stooped down to kiss them away, and for half a minute she clung to him with a softening of her proud face.

"Your wife tells me some strange story about not having known you were Lord Ryvers," she said presently. "She even declared that she would rather have died than married you had she been aware of your position and title."

"She is such a Radical," he said. "It is perfectly true, mother. I am sure, if she had known that I was a nobleman and a rich man, she would not have married me. You have no idea what a perfect little Democrat she is."

"How strange for you to ally yourself with a Democrat!" said Lady Ryvers.

And then Lord Ryvers gave his mother a full account of his love-affair and his marriage, from the time he had sung to himself in the bonny woods of St. Ryno's of "June's palace paved with gold" until he stood before her.

When he had finished, she looked at him long and earnestly; then she said—

"Randolph, are you quite sure there is no flaw in the marriage?"

"Flaw!" he cried. "Certainly not. I took care of that. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"If there had been," she replied despairingly, "I hate the marriage so much that I should have asked you to set it aside."

Lady Ryvers had known her son only as sweet-tempered and yielding, but she saw the other side of the picture now.

She never forgot the anger that flashed from his eyes, the pained wonder and surprise that darkened his face.

"Mother," he cried, "I will not believe that you mean what you say. It is vile, horrible!

"How can you utter such words I cannot imagine.

"If there were a flaw, you may believe me that I would very soon have the ceremony performed a second time."

"I may as well say all I think," said the dowager, looking very white and desperate. "I hate the very idea of your marriage, and I would do anything in the world to see it annulled.

"From the first moment that I heard of your imprudent match I hoped that some formalities had been omitted that would render your union invalid.

"You may call the hope vile, wicked, horrible, what you like; but I—I am desperate!

"Oh, Randolph, if there be any chance, let this horrible mesalliance be ended."

"Mother," he answered, "I think you are mad!

"I am a gentleman; I have wooed and won one of the sweetest and purest of girls for my wife.

"What wickedness is it that you suggest? Can a man play with his own honor? Can he trifle with the fair name of the woman he has married?

"Oh, mother, I wish you had never uttered such horrible words!"

"I repeat them! You will mar and spoil your own life; you cover me with shame and humiliation.

"If there be a chance to set aside this foolish marriage, seize it; you were only a thoughtless boy.

"The same thing happened to young Lord Bardwell. The family solicitor discovered a flaw in his marriage; it was annulled, and he married the great Grafton heiress. Surely you may do what he has done?"

"Not I, Mother, I am a gentleman and an honest man.

"I would rather die than be guilty of so foul and horrible a deed.

"I have already told you that, if there were any flaw in my marriage—and I feel sure there is not—I would marry Violet again to-morrow. I will be satisfied on this point; I will take legal advice upon it."

"So will I," said Lady Ryvers. "I will not see a chance lost if I can help it."

"Oh, mother," he cried, "what a bitter sorrow it is to me to hear you say such words! I thought you so noble—so above all this."

"And I am equally disappointed in you," declared Lady Ryvers. "I have only said what every mother with sense and reason would say."

"Heaven help the sons of such mothers!" exclaimed Lord Ryvers.

"Mother, if you wish to keep what you have always had, my affection and respect, you will never speak of this again."

"I see," said Lady Ryvers, "that you are not in the honor for listening to me with attention.

If you were, I should suggest that for the present at least, nothing be said about your marriage—that is, no introductions should be made; let the girl remain with us in retirement until she has caught one of the well-bred and graceful manner that distinguishes your sisters. It will be a sacrifice for me.

"She was so rude to me last evening that I had resolved not to remain in the house with her."

"I should not like to remind you, mother that the house is mine," he said, "and that my wife will always remain in it"—words which redoubled the dowager's hatred for Violet.

CHAPTER XXV.

YES, you have caught me in tears, and I am ashamed of it," cried Monica Ryvers; "but I cannot help it. No girl in the world has more cause for grief than I have."

"I should have thought," returned Violet, "that no girl in the world ever had less.

"It seems to me that you have everything your heart can desire."

"How little people know of each other, after all!" said Monica, with a sigh. "We live in the house, breathe the same air, bear the same name, yet we are farther apart even than those who have great seas between them.

"I live with you, yet how little I know of you, except the outward superficial life that every one knows and sees. You live with me, and it is just the same.

"You know the Monica Ryvers whom you meet in the society of others; but you do not know the real Monica Ryvers."

"It is perfectly true," answered Violet. "I have thought of it before.

"I did not, for instance, think it was reasonable for you to weep; you seem so bright, so animated, so different in some respects from other girls that it would have been unnatural to think of your indulging in grief."

"The Monica Ryvers you know never dare make any display of her feelings; it is the real Monica who sheds hot, bitter tears with good reason. The real Monica has a love-story."

"A love-story?" said Violet. "How beautiful! I never had a love-story."

"You never had a love-story?" cried Monica.

"Why, of all people in the world, you must have had the sweetest!"

"You are mistaken," said Violet.

"But do you not call my brother's romantic wooing of you a love-story?

"Had you ever a lover besides my brother?"

"No, never."

"You had no sweetheart, no admirer, no one who ever made love to you?"

"No," repeated Violet.

"My brother was the only man, or rather is the only man, who ever spoke to you of love or marriage?"

"The only one," replied Violet. "There were no young men where I lived; and, if there had been any, they would not have come within a hundred miles of my aunt."

"Then, Violet," said Monica solemnly, "rely upon it that what I am going to tell you is true.

"My brother loves you a thousand times better than you love him.

"It seems to me that he fell in love with you, that you, not having been accustomed to men, and not knowing much of life, did not know the difference between fancy and love."

"I am not so sure of that," answered Violet.

"I am," declared Monica. "I have thought so ever since you have been here.

"If any great trouble came, I do not think you would take his side."

"We will not talk about it," said Violet.

"I should not like to wake up, as from a dream, and find that I had married a man I did not love."

"I should not be much surprised at that happening some day Violet," averred her sister-in-law. "I am a good judge of love, because I am so much in love myself—more than you have ever been," she added, with a wise little toss of the head.

"For the man I love I could go through anything—fire-water. I would walk to him over red-hot ploughshares: I would give my life for him. You would not do so much for my brother; I know it. You cannot even bear with mamma for his sake. I look at you when mamma is what I call awkward or spiteful, as she is to you at times, and I see that you do not love Randolph well enough to bear it patiently for his sake."

Violet's beautiful eyes were fixed upon her in untold wonder.

The two girls had gone out together to feed the peacocks, which were sunning themselves on the lawn.

To make matters worse than they had been, the Earl of Lester was invited; and his mother-in-law took him into her confidence, and told him all she thought and felt on the subject of her son's wife.

"I do not think it possible," he said; "and, even if it were, I do not think it would be right."

"There is no right or wrong in the matter!" cried the dowager passionately. "The whole affair is a huge mistake; the sooner it is ended the better."

"But on what ground can you seek to annul the marriage?" asked the Earl, almost as much surprised as Lord Ryvers had been. "You cannot attempt to dissolve it because the girl has no fortune and no position."

"That is true. My objection would be that he was not of age when he married, and could not marry legally without my consent."

"It would not hold," replied the Earl. "If you will take my advice, Lady Ryvers, you will not attempt anything of the kind. "You have no chance of success, and your son will never forgive you."

"I shall certainly try my best, whether I succeed or fail," she declared.

And from that moment Violet had a strong partisan in the young Earl.

"I cannot understand," he said, "why your mother makes such a terrible fuss. She seems to hate the girl.

"I think she would do her any and every possible injury. She is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful and charming girls I have ever seen.

"I do not, as a rule, believe in unequal marriages; nor do I call this one. Violet has beauty and distinction enough to make up for all deficiencies."

The Countess opened her eyes in a languid way.

It was something novel to hear her husband speak so earnestly.

"You seem to have suddenly grown very fond of your sister-in-law," she said.

"And no wonder," rejoined the Earl. "She has more life and animation than twenty ordinary women."

"I am very glad that I am an ordinary woman, and relieved from the trouble of being so animated."

"My dear Marguerite," said the Earl, "you are perfection itself in your way. Animation would not suit your imperial style."

The Countess of Lester had never been jealous—she had always been so serenely confident of her own powers of pleasing—but just the smallest tinge of jealousy colored her thoughts, and caused her to shun Violet more than before.

The Earl was most attentive to her.

They agreed, quarrelled, and laughed the whole day long.

Lord Lester was amused at her queer notions.

He called her a Democrat, a Radical; and she, with all the eloquence and earnestness of her nature, denounced him as an aristocrat.

He delighted in drawing her out, in rousing her, in jesting with her, and the result was that they became the greatest of friends.

And the strongest ally Violet had in the house was the Earl of Lester.

He had no patience with Lady Ryvers or with his wife.

Why they could not accept Violet as one of their own he could not think.

More than once the dowager had regretted sending for this son-in-law, who had taken the very opposite side to the one she intended him to take.

The family was pretty well divided now, and, as Monica said, there was every chance of "a lively time."

The dowager Lady Ryvers and the Countess, her daughter, were against the Earl of Lester and Monica, the cause of dispute, of course, being Violet.

Monica and Violet were thrown very much together.

On this morning, when they had gone out to feed the peacocks, Monica had taken a letter from her pocket.

And it was over this that Violet had found her crying.

"Violet," said Monica, suddenly, "come down to the fountain with me; I must tell you my story.

"I must talk to some one, or my heart will break. I must tell you all. You will think I am very young to have a lover.

"Marguerite is the eldest of us all—she is nearly three-and-twenty; Randolph, you know, is one-and-twenty; I am only nineteen.

"But, Violet, do you know I had a lover when I was sixteen. It sounds almost absurd, but it is true. I must tell you about it."

There was a square in the midst of the grounds whereon stood three fountains made of the finest marble, sculptured by a great master.

Seats, shrubs and flowering plants had been placed around them, and the whole presented a picturesque appearance.

It was thither the two girls went, and two men looked after them with longing eyes—Lord Ryvers, who happened to have an appointment to meet his steward; and Lord Lester, who would have followed them but that his wife was keeping guard over him.

They sat down near where the silvery spray fell into the marble basin, making soft music as the tiny drops fell.

About them the pigeons fluttered, but this morning Violet's whole attention was given to her companion.

"I have had a letter," said Monica, "which is breaking my heart. Violet, be patient with me while I cry.

"All the morning the tears have been lying behind my eyes, until even my eyelids ache; and mamma wanted so many things—and Marguerite was so tiresome—I think it is a great affliction to have a sister a Countess! Oh, Violet, let me cry!"

And Monica laid her head on the marble basin, and wept as if her very heart would break.

Violet spoke no word; she saw that, whatever the trouble might be, words would not soothe it.

When the paroxysm of weeping had ended, Monica looked up with half-drowned eyes.

"I am ashamed," she said, "but I cannot help it; I cannot, indeed. I must give vent to my feelings. He is going away, and I shall never see him again."

"Tell me about it," said Violet, her heart warming to the girl who seemed so unhappy.

"That is what I want to do," returned Monica. "I know you will keep my secret.

"I must tell you first, Violet, that when I was sixteen, mamma left me with my governess, Miss Rowley, while she went to London with Marguerite for the season. It was then that the Earl of Lester fell in love with my sister, although they were not married until some few months afterwards.

"Miss Rowley was very clever and very conscientious; but during mamma's absence she was not well, and I had plenty of time on my hands for the mischief I found to do.

"Every day I had a certain quantity of work allotted to me, which I contrived to get through as speedily as possible, so that I might have more leisure for myself.

"One morning I went to St. Michael's Well, and there, seated on one of the great mossy stones was a young man uniformed as a cavalry officer.

"I must tell you," went on Monica, "that the Rector of Ryverswell belongs to a very old family—the Carlyons of Caerswell. The family is so old and so honorable that even mamma respects and esteems them, and speaks of them as people of some consideration.

"The Rector, the Honorable, and Reverend Hugh Caerlyon, is one of the younger sons of a younger branch of this great family.

"But he is, to use mamma's expression, wretchedly poor, having nothing but his income as Rector of Ryverswell—and that isn't much.

"Mrs. Caerlyon is dead; I never heard anything of her. If there had been a mother living, I should not have fallen into such mischief.

"You must understand, Violet," that the Rector often visited us. Mamma in some respects considered him her equal; she forgave his poverty on account of the antiquity of the family.

"He came often to dine with us. I am not sure whether mamma knew he had a son.

"No one ever mentioned him, until one day the Rector told us, with great glee, that his son had been presented with a commission in the famous regiment of the Black Lancers. After that, nothing more was said of him.

"It was this very son, this Paul Caerlyon, whom I found by St. Michael's Well. His regiment had been ordered to Queenshow, a large garrison town not far from Ryverswell, and he spent a great deal of time at his father's house.

"He knew me, although I did not know him. He did not seem to be at all embarrassed, but told me what a favorite spot of his this well was.

"We became very good friends. Ah! no, that is not the truth! We were never friends. We were lovers from the first moment we met.

"Yes, lovers! I was sixteen, but he was more than twenty. Oh, Violet, how handsome he was! His complexion was dark, and he had dark-blue eyes and jet black hair.

"I knew every line of his face by heart, because, you see, I worship it. He had a slight moustache, but it did not hide the full, firm lips.

"Looking at them when they were closed, one thought how firm and brave and determined he was; looking at him when he smiled, one thought he had the tenderness of a woman.

"He had ridden over from Queenshow for some regimental exercise; had walked from his father's house to see his favorite spot.

"There, by the side of the deep dark water, by the cool mossy stones, in the shade of the tall cliff, we met our fate.

"When he spoke to me my heart went out to him; and, oh, Violet, Violet, it has never come back to me.'

"When I looked at him, a new light came over the earth and sky, a sudden sense of gladness and beauty thrilled my whole being; all at once I seemed to know and understand a hundred things that had been mysteries before. Violet, did you feel this when you saw my brother first?"

"No, I did not. I thought more of his picture than I did of himself, as far as I can remember."

"Then most certainly you were not in love," said Monica. "I have always told you so. You married Randolph because he was the first man who made love to you, or who asked you to marry him."

"Do you think so?" questioned Violet gravely.

"I am sure of it. You had better try to fall in love with your husband; you certainly did not with your lover. The world was never the same to me from that time; it will never be the same again. That is falling in love—the world, your own life, everything changes; you could not get back to your own old self if you tried."

"Then I have not been in love—at least, not in your fashion," Violet said thoughtfully.

"I cannot tell you," continued Monica, "how long we talked. If I had been a young queen instead of a school girl, he could not have treated me with greater respect.

"He walked the half way home with me. It was such a sweet mad folly, Violet—so sweet while the spring-tide lasted.

"Do you know that the odor of the hawthorn turns me faint? Even now it brings back those happy days very forcibly to me.

"It was such a spring as comes only once in life. It lasted from the second day of May, when I first saw him, until the middle of June, when my mother and sister came home.

"We met sometimes in the park down by the ruins; we used to sit by the old arched windows where the great clusters of blue-bells grew.

"I know it was wrong. I know that having met him once by accident, I ought never to have met him again. I know that I deceived my mother, my governess, and everyone else; but I have suffered.

"Oh, Violet I have paid a terrible price for my folly! I have to live and pretend to be happy while my heart is breaking. I do not remember that we actually made any appointments; it seemed to be an understood thing that we should see each other every day.

"Every day my handsome soldier rode over from Queenshow, and at last—at last he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

"I can see now the whole scene. We were standing in a clover-meadow under the spreading boughs of some lime-trees. I see the slanting sunlight on the grass, the pink may on the hedges.

"I see the little white lambs at play, I hear the sweet singing of the birds above our heads. I never look at the lime-boughs or the clover now.

"He asked me to be his wife, and I said 'Yes' gladly, willingly. Yes; I—do not be shocked, Violet—I flung my arms round his neck, and laid my head on his breast; every beat of my heart was his.

"We were so happy—oh, Violet, so happy! We quite forgot that I was the daughter of a rich fashionable lady, and that he was a poor soldier, with little but his regimental pay.

"We forgot there could be poverty, privation, opposition; we remembered only love.

"Before that month of May was over, our hearts were so knitted together, our two souls had grown so completely one, that death could not part us; yet we shall never be married.

"I never thought of opposition; the golden glamour of love lay all around us. The only evil we anticipated was that we should be compelled to wait until I was older.

"'My love she's but a lassie yet,' Paul delighted in singing. 'Your mother will be sure to say we must wait," he said to me often. 'I will not write to her while she is in London; I will wait until she comes home. I can speak better than I can write.'

"And, Violet, will you believe that, although I knew mamma, her ideas and peculiarities, I never dreamed of her refusal?

"Then came a letter from mamma to me, in which she told me the great news that the Earl of Lester had proposed to my beautiful sister Marguerite. I remember every word of my mother's letter.

"'The match though a magnificent one, is no more than I expected with Margaret's serene grace and beauty. And now a few words for yourself, Monica. Hasten on with your lessons, pay especial attention to deportment and manners, for next season I shall take you to town, and I shall expect you to do even better than your sister has done.'

"I read this to Paul. I put my arms round his neck; I drew his face down to mine and kissed it.

"'I have done a thousand times better than she can ever do!' I cried. 'No girl in the world is so fortunate as I am.'

"But a shadow fell over Paul's bright face. After that, if possible, he loved me more, he came more often. How it was that we escaped detection I cannot think. It seems to me now miraculous. When the moon shone I went to the ruined arches, and we talked there, talking always—oh, how blind we were!—always of the beautiful future before us.

"Then my mother and sister returned. The Earl of Lester came on a visit. Several guests also arrived. We had a dinner-party on the day after my mother's return, and the Rector was invited.

"I heard him telling my mother about his handsome young soldier-son, and my mother said he must come and see her.

He was coming, though no one guessed his errand. He came the next morning. It was a bright June morning, and the whole party were out on the white terrace.

"'Who is that handsome young man?' asked Lady Belfour, one of our guests. 'What a noble head and face!'

"My own face burned, my foolish heart beat fast. I longed to cry out that he was by lover—my brave, beautiful, young lover—and that he was going to marry me.

"I saw my mother's eyes fixed on my face, and a horrible sense of coming evil took possession of me. My mother, you know, Violet, is one of the shrewdest, quickest people in the world.

"Paul came up, looking so brave, so handsome, so gallant, the sun shining on his face and his hair; and, when he saw me—I was standing next to Lady Belfour—such a light came into his eyes that it was not difficult to guess our secret.

"My mother received him very kindly, though she did not ask him to stay. Lord Lester was amiable and interested; all the ladies praised him, and said how handsome he was.

"And it struck me—it may have been my fancy, but it struck me that most of them smiled just a little when they glanced at me. He lingered, poor boy, but no invita-

tion to remain for luncheon came. When he bade my mother good-bye, she smiled at him—Violet, how can people smile when they do cruel things?—and said—

"'Will you tell your father that, if he is riding near the Castle to-day, I wish he would call?'

"I should imagine the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Caerlyon took those words as a royal command, for he came that same afternoon. I learned afterwards from Paul what she had said to him.

"She congratulated him on his son's good looks, and on his prospects, and then added, with a smile—oh, Violet, my mother's smiles make me tremble at times!—that she had something very especial to say to me.

"'Your son must not come here, my dear Mr. Caeryton; he is far too handsome. Although I admit that he is brave, gallant, and in fact, as fine a young man as one might wish to see, still you quite understand that he would not be eligible. I have two or three young ladies here with me whose mothers have trusted them with me, and I must not introduce an ineligible young Adonis like your son. Besides, there is my own daughter.'

"The good Rector knew nothing of our mad love-affair, so that he did not look in the least degree guilty.

"'Perhaps you are wise, said the Rector; 'at the same time, you are rather hard. It seems that my son's good qualities are the cause of his being deprived of your society.'

"'Precisely so,' said my mother. 'Those same good qualities render him a great deal too charming.'

"But, Violet, before the Rector reached home my lover's patience had given way. He had written a long letter to my mother, telling her how dearly he loved me, and asking if he might make me his wife.

"The most terrible moment in my life was when my mother came to me, her face dark with frown, and that letter open in her hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADGE LUMLEY;

—OR,—

The Fairville Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUBY EVERINGHAM," "SHOWS OF THE PAST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

HOW long I had been watching, and he had come at last—yes! he had really come!

But I did not run down to greet him.

I was sorry I had said my prayers, sorry I had put the cozy on his teapot, sorry I had spread the table to welcome him, sorry that I had had gentle thoughts about him—sorry, yes! sorry that I married him, for there he was in the moonlight, with another woman by his side—yes! within our own gates!

She was a tall woman, and seemed to be dressed in white or pale grey, and Harry, my Harry, my husband was looking at her.

They passed along the path together side by side and were lost to view amid the trees and shrubs of that dusky walk, with its overwhelming branches.

I watched—oh! how I watched—but I could see them no more.

My husband did not come in, they must still be talking, hidden by those sombre trees.

Ah! no wonder I had hated that path from the first!

No wonder I had shivered there, and felt the blood leave my heart.

It had been a foreshadowing of what was to be.

I sat staring into the moonlight like one stricken.

I was very still, but my heart was not quiet.

It was like a volcano, full of fiery anger!

And this was the man for whom I had left my home—this was the man I had so implicitly believed in.

Five weeks married, and—ah! he was coming in at last!

I jumped up, and let down the blind; undressed as quickly as possible, and hurried into bed.

He should never know how I had watched for him.

He was eating the little supper I had prepared for him—big fool that I had been!

Well! he should never know who had placed it there, I'd sooner tell a story first.

How long he was in coming upstairs.

I need not have hurried so.

Would he try to explain his absence?

If he did, it should be in the broad light of the day, and I would look full into his eyes all the time.

I would pretend to be asleep.

He entered the room quietly—I had put out the light.

He carried one he had taken from the drawing-room—I noted the fact with anger—there would be grease spots all over the carpets!

I even observed how he had guttered it down.

My eyes were closed tight enough when he came to the bedside to look at me, and whispered my name.

I took no notice.

"Thank God she's asleep," he murmured softly.

"You needn't thank God," I answered, opening my eyes with a flash of anger, "because I'm not."

I knew very well why he was thankful!—wnew! how I hated him at that moment!

He started, then came to my bedside.

I turned over with my back towards him, and pulled the bedclothes about my face.

"Have you been in bed long, darling?" he asked, anxiously. "I am sorry to be late."

"Darling, indeed! hypocrite," I exclaimed mentally; but aloud I only said, "Do you know what the time is?—it is past midnight."

"Well, I'm truly glad you didn't sit up, dear" (I had no doubt he was); "I met a friend—an old friend, and couldn't come home earlier," he ended.

"An old friend, indeed!" I said to myself. Should I ask who it was, and see what he would say? not now, at any rate, I would wait for daylight.

"Carrie!" No reply. "Carrie!"

I closed my eyes, and feigned the sleep which would not come to me.

Ah! what a night that was.

Should I tell Harry what I had seen, and ask him to explain to me? should I?

No!

I was too proud.

If he liked another woman better than his wife—I would, I would—what could I do?

At any rate he should not know what I suffered.

How I had loved him!—had loved, the past tense fell on my ears with a sad, sad sound—the death-knell of our affection.

In the morning my mind was fully made up.

I would not tell him I had seen him the night before, and I would watch him.

I got up before he was awake, and dressed in the bath-room to avoid conversation.

I took my breakfast alone.

I wandered out into the garden—but somehow, with all its beauty, it had grown hateful to me.

Harry came down too late.

I was pretending to pick flowers for my vases.

He followed me on to the lawn, and placed his hand through my arm; but I slipped away from him.

He looked at me, and a shade of disappointment crossed his face.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"What should be the matter?" I replied.

"Well, if it's all right, come and pour out my tea, little woman?"

"Can't you do it for yourself? I am busy with my roses."

"Oh, yes! of course I can," he answered, turning on his heel; then, with a brighter look, he came towards me.

"It was thoughtful of you, dearest, to set out such a nice little supper for me last night. Just like my small wife's kind heart."

I felt as though that heart would break, but I turned my back to him, resolved to spoil his pleasure.

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve. Mary must have done it!"

There, I told the story!

I had always been called truthful; but I had done it—he should never know.

I didn't see his look of disappointment; but I heard it in his voice.

"I would not have eaten it had I known that; I only took it because I thought your hands had placed it there—I didn't want it.

"That was considerate," I replied, ironically. "One should never put oneself to inconvenience, it doesn't pay, nobody thanks you."

Then I turned upon him suddenly

"Who was the friend you met last night, Harry?" raising my eyes to his.

How true they looked with just a shade of sadness in them; what a hypocrite he must be, what a consummate hypocrite!

"It was an old college chum, dear, to whom I hope to introduce you, one day; but he was obliged to leave Fairville by the first train this morning, so he said the pleasure must be deferred. He is going to Folkestone to-day, and on to Boulogne; and when he returns he is coming to stay a day or two with us. I think you'll like him, Carrie. He's a nice fellow, and a general favorite."

"No doubt," I said aloud, while my heart repeated, "hypocrite!"

He went in alone to his breakfast, and I stayed among my roses nursing my wrath.

"An old college friend indeed! a college friend in petticoats then; had I not seen him and seen her? seen them both together? bah! it was too disgusting."

I went indoors presently and fetched my hat, and essayed to go out.

Harry came after me.

"Don't let's drift apart, Carrie. If you are going out I will go too."

"You can do as you please, of course."

"Then I will accompany you."

And he did; but, as one person cannot keep up a conversation, he might as well have stayed at home.

My words were monosyllabic and our walk a failure.

Well, the day wore out somehow.

Harry remained indoors and had tea with me, but when I went up to bed, I noticed that instead of going to his dressing-room, he went out.

I heard the door open and shut.

After awhile, I extinguished my light and went to the window, raised the blind, looked out.

There was nothing to be seen but the outline of my husband's figure standing under the porch, just at the entrance.

I could see the light of his cigar like a glowworm, and little wreaths of ascending smoke.

I sat down with my forehead against the cool glass.

How my head ached!

Never before had I spent so wretched a night and day, and now another wretched night was to follow.

How could I sleep, knowing that Harry was untrue?

My Harry!

How could I call him mine?

He was mine only in name.

Why had he gone to smoke on the porch? He had never done so before—why? Why? I was soon to be answered.

I very soon knew why.

The figure of a woman glided across the garden.

Ah! He was expecting her, that was why he had gone out there—not to smoke. That had only been an excuse.

He started off after her, and followed her into that shady path among the trees, just where they had gone the night before.

Tears might have relieved me, but none came—neither tears nor prayers were possible for me that night.

I crept into bed, my heart full of evil thoughts.

The next night I watched again and saw them.

Then she came no more.

Still Harry continued to wait for her; night after night he smoked out there, fair weather or foul, and I watched him, while he thought I was in bed and asleep.

Time went on, and there was no outbreak between me and Harry, only we went on drifting further and further apart.

He had left off trying to win me back, and I—I was biding my time, but the volcano was there.

Vesuvius is not always in eruption.

One evening the eight o'clock post brought Harry a letter.

"It is from my friend Chambers," he said when he had finished reading it. "He is coming here to-morrow."

(He did not show me the letter.)

"He is at Folkestone; a line by the last post will reach him in the morning to say how glad we shall be to see him."

"Speak for yourself, my dear," I replied, sarcastically.

"I will," he said, simply, and with a ruffled voice, striking a match to light a candle.

"If you wish to write to your friend, perhaps you will kindly do so in your own study. I have a headache; I don't want lights."

He blew out the match, and left the room without a word.

I drew an easy chair to the window, and sat looking out into the moonlit garden. I heard my husband take his hat down from its accustomed peg in the hall.

I saw him cross the lawn and go out at the gate.

Then I fell to thinking of the past, present, and future.

The past was gone into shadowland. It had been a bright and happy time, but it would never return.

The present, it was all I could call my own.

How was I using it?

Had I not better have told my husband my suspicions, and allowed him the chance of telling me the truth.

It was some old entanglement, perhaps, from which he had believed himself free; for my Harry, in the days of our young love, had whispered to me of past fancies and of past follies, and I had forgiven him what could not be recalled, because he had trusted me, and because I had loved him.

Why did he not trust me now?

The future—I shuddered as I thought of it.

I had no hope that Harry and I could ever be again what we were once had been to one another.

The idol had fallen from the pedestal upon which I had exalted it; it was shattered; nothing could mend it; no one could ever replace it.

I hid my face in my hands, and sighed. I did not, however, sigh twice, yet I heard another sigh quite close to me.

I started, and I felt my blood curdle.

Had anyone poured a can of cold water down my spine I could not have shivered more; and then before me stood a tall figure.

I knew her in a moment, it was Harry's nocturnal visitor!

How beautiful she was! my heart sank as I looked at her; she had masses of dark hair, which hung about her shoulders.

Her eyes were dark and luminous, her face pale and wan—somehow its expression moved me—it was so weary and sad; with such a wistful rest-needing look in it.

She gazed at me as though she would see what Harry's wife was like; then she sighed again, and glided out at the open window.

CHAPTER V.

SOMEHOW the anger in my heart against her passed away, and it was only with Harry that I could feel indignant.

How that poor soul must love him, to look like that!

What a world of despair had been in her pale, worn, beautiful face.

Had she come to look at me really?

Perhaps she had thought me asleep, sitting there so still in the moonlight.

Perhaps she had only wanted to look at the house in which he lived.

Perhaps she had come in expecting to see him.

Perhaps that letter had been from her, and not from Mr. Chambers; and perhaps Harry had gone out to try and stop her from coming, and they had missed each other.

My brain whirled!

Perhaps my jealousy had made me mad! Perhaps no one had been in here at all. That must be it.

No! no one had been in; I must have heard the woman's footsteps over the gravel.

It had been a delusion of my excited brain.

Oh, how weary I was—how weary!

I didn't wait for tea.

I didn't stop for anything.

I just crawled upstairs, slipped off my clothes, and crept into bed, like the stricken creature I was; but I could not sleep, and all my senses seemed to have become merged into one.

I heard every little sound with a strange acuteness.

I heard the click of the open gate.

I sprang out of bed to see whether she was with Harry?

She wasn't, and I crept back wearily. He rang for tea; I heard the mumble of his voice; no doubt he was asking Mary what had become of me: time was when he would have come up to see.

Pshaw! that was ages ago!

We had been married nine weeks, and had been at home seven!

Who could expect love to last seven weeks? what nonsense!

He went to his study, then he went out onto the porch.

I got up and watched him, as I had done for a month—watched the light of his cigar, watched the smoke arising from it like a Chinese prayer—watched the outline of the figure once so dear, and asked myself a home question: Was he less dear now?

I had tried to hate him, but I couldn't. I had noted indifference, but it would not come; whatever he was, I knew I could never get over the affection which had now become my greatest trouble.

But he should never know it.

I heard his footstep—he was crossing the gravel—it was the same old story.

The tall, alight, graceful figure of that woman was coming along the path, and my Harry was going to meet her.

Tears came at last to help me, to soften my heart—came to put out that burning volcano which was consuming my soul, and well-nigh my reason.

There was only one thing for me to do. I must leave Harry. No one should ever know why.

If my parents blamed me I must bear their blame.

I felt that my mother's arms were the only place in which to hide from my sorrow. I forgot to look out any more; I forgot to listen.

I only sat with my face hidden in the darkness, and wept.

All at once a pair of strong arms were thrown around me, and I was gathered up to my husband's breast.

He held me to him tightly.

I saw his face in the moonlight—so tender and firm.

"My wife—my darling! You are breaking my heart. I will know the cause of this estrangement. This cannot go any longer!"

"Oh, Harry," I cried, "why, why did you ever marry me?"

"Because I loved you, Carrie, and because no other woman could ever be my wife."

"Then why are you untrue to me?"

"Untrue, my wife?"

"Harry, you cannot deny it. I have seen you; remember that, and do not deny it. Harry, Harry, I cannot bear it any longer—we must part."

"I know you have ceased to care for me, Carrie," he answered, in a sad voice, with a quiver in it, "but, my wife, I cannot part from you. I love you with my whole soul. I cannot let you go, indeed I cannot."

He drew me into his arms yet closer.

I felt his heart beat.

Was it indeed for me that it throbbed so wildly?

"Carrie," he whispered, "think of the old days when we talked hand in hand in the moonlight, and trusted each other all in all. Tell me what is this shadow that lies between us? My darling, what have I done?"

And then in the moonlight I answered him.

"Harry, who is the woman you meet—with whom you talk, hidden among those trees?"

He started, and even beneath the moon's rays I could see his face change.

"I did not know you had seen her, my poor child. I have done my best to keep you from knowing it," he answered. "I was afraid you would be alarmed. I have told your parents all about it, and Dan Chambers is coming here on purpose to help me, but we all wanted to prevent you from knowing it. Is that all that's the matter, Carrie? Then let me kiss you, dearest, for the shadow is past."

"You have not yet told me, Harry, who that woman is?"

"Have you been jealous of her, my poor pet?"

"Would you like me to be out there night after night talking under the trees with a man, Harry?" I asked, passionately.

"No, indeed:" and he drew me to him yet nearer. "But we never talked, Carrie."

"Never talked? Harry, what can you mean?"

"My wife, you had better wait till to-morrow. You will bear the truth better by daylight."

"I will know it now," I answered, firmly.

"Very well, then I'll light the candles and wrap you up, for if I begin, the story will be a long one."

He did so without another word, placed me in an easy chair, and sat down opposite to me, and the old bright smile came back to his face.

"So my foolish darling was jealous?"

"Had I not cause to be?"

"No! Carrie, could you be jealous of anyone who is dead?"

"I hardly know. That does not bear on the case."

"Yes it does. Please answer me."

"I think I should have a feeling about it if you had loved her more than me."

"But what if I had never loved her at all—never known her even?"

"That's absurd."

"So it is, my darling. Kiss me, for that's how the case stands. In plain words, Carrie the woman's a ghost!"

I uttered a little cry—half gladness, half terror.

I understood it all—how my Harry had gone out, night after night, to try and get at the bottom of this mystery, and how I had distrusted him.

How ashamed I felt of my unworthy suspicions!

"Harry," I said, while the tears came into my eyes, "can you ever forgive me? What a wicked little woman I have been!"

His answer was to—well, never mind what it was.

It was very convincing, and I felt that life was coming back to me with every pulsation of my heart.

"And you quite forgive me, Harry?"

"Quite, wife. But before I let you go, I want a promise from you. Never lie down to rest with a secret from your husband of any sort, and be assured, he will never keep one from you. Is that a bargain, my dear?"

"Yes; but oh, Harry, you talk of rest. I have never known any since that demon of jealousy took possession of me. You don't know what I have suffered, you don't indeed."

"Poor child! I am sure you have," he said, with feeling; and then, breaking out into a smile, "surely, no one was ever jealous of a ghost before!"

And I joined in his laughter, and then scolded him for his mirth.

"But it is very dreadful, Harry, to live in a haunted house," I continued.

"I don't think it is the house, Carrie; only the garden. I have seen nothing in the house."

"But I have," and I told him of the night when I had felt so strangely, and how only that very evening I had seen the ghost in the drawing-room.

"Poor child! how frightened you must have been," he said, soothingly.

"Indeed I was; but I was so taken up with my trouble about you, dear, that it kept no place in my mind. But I shall be awfully frightened now I know, yet the poor soul has such a sad and beautiful face, that she is not dreadful after all."

"If we cannot ascertain the cause of the apparition, and are unable to stop it from coming, I shall give up the house. I will not remain here, with the perpetual fear of your being frightened."

"Poor thing! I should like to know her history. She must have loved someone very much. And, Harry, I thought that someone was you."

"Silly little wife," but he looked as though he rather liked my folly.

"Silly little wife," he repeated. "Well, Dan Chambers knows the legend. He will be here to-morrow, and he will tell it to you from beginning to end."

I slept that night, notwithstanding the ghost, for it was the first real rest I had had for a month, for was not my Harry my own again? No ghost could take him from me.

The next morning dawned bright and fine.

We rose in good time, and after I had made my vases pretty with fresh-gathered flowers and done my housekeeping, I went to the station with Harry to meet his friend.

His old college friend, whom he had met on that first night when I had given way to my temper and then to my jealousy. I found that Harry had asked my parents over to meet Mr. Chambers—Dan Chambers he called him—but they were not coming till a later train.

Mr. Chambers was very nice, a little older than my Harry, and not so good-looking; but he had a kindly, honest face, which gave you confidence in him at once.

We three got on well together, had lunch and no end to talk about the old days when they were at college, which interested me nearly as much as it did themselves.

We all three went to meet my parents at the station.

Dear mother, on the way back to the cottage, took me under her wing, leaving father free to talk to Harry.

I knew well enough what it was they had to confabulate over, and so did mother, only she thought I didn't, you see, and she drew me away; but I had never kept any secrets from mother, so I told her how foolish I had been, and what I had suffered, and the tears stood in her gentle eyes.

"Alway trust your husband, my darling, and teach him to trust you."

That was the only blame she gave me, and she held me close all the way home. We wandered down to the beach, and threw pebbles into the sea, and then went home and prepared ourselves for dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

WE were a pleasant, merry party, and no one could have thought that we had really assembled to talk over the skeleton in our cupboard.

When dessert was on the table, and the wine had been passed round, my Harry broke the ice.

"We have all done our best to keep Carrie out of our ugly secret, but she has managed to get at it somehow, without our help; so we may discuss the subject openly.

"We had been three weeks in the house before I had the least suspicion of anything being wrong—then, one night, just as we were going to bed, after I had extinguished the light, I moved the blind aside to look out at the weather, and I saw a figure—the figure of a woman, wandering about the garden. I had no time to watch her, for I was afraid of alarming Carrie; but somehow I felt at once that the woman was not flesh and blood. The next evening I wanted to try and ascertain if her ladyship was there again, and I told Carrie that I was going for a walk. She did not altogether like it," he continued, smiling at me, "but she has got over it now, haven't you little woman? Well, who should I meet but Dan here, and I told him what I had seen the night before, and asked him to watch with me.

"'Living there, are you?' he answered, with a low whistle. 'I'm sorry for you—you'd better turn out at once—you'll only frighten your wife to death if you stop. I have had friends before who have taken the place. No one can stay there.'

"'But I have it on lease,' I said, really distressed.

"'Markham will take it off your hands for a consideration, if you promise to keep the matter quiet.

"No one stays there more than a month. At one time the place was a wilderness; its story was known; and no one would live there, even rent free.

"Then it was forgotten, and he did it up, and made it pretty, as you see, and strangers came and took it—many came—but none have ever stayed yet.

"I am going to the 'Queen's Hotel.' Come with me, and I will tell you its story.' I went and he told it to me.

"Now, Dan, I relinquish the reins to you—you know the ins and outs better than I do—drive on."

Mr. Chambers looked round with his pleasant, honest smile, and began at once.

"When I was a boy my father lived at Fairville, but it was not called Fairville then—I doubt if it had any name at all in those far-off days—there certainly was no town whatever, but the bay was here of course.

"My father was the coast-guard officer, and his duty was to prevent smuggling.

"There was not above half-a-dozen houses besides the preventive station, and the cottage was one of them.

"In it there lived a man whose name was Lumley.

"He was said to be a man of good family, who had fallen from his high estate through gambling.

"He was a devil-may-care-looking fellow, tall and aristocratic, with dark curly hair and black searching eyes—powerful and strong in frame.

"He kept a boat—which was hard to dignify by the name of yacht—and he was supposed to run a neat little trade by smuggling; but he had never been caught in the act when my father came here.

"Lumley had one daughter, a most beautiful girl. She was like her father, yet unlike him; for all that was evil in his face was lovely and soft in hers.

"There was yet another inmate of the house—a young man—tall and fair, slight of limb, with laughing blue eyes and a sunny smile.

"He was of noble blood: no one knew who he was except my father; and he refused to tell even me, although he related to me his sad story.

"One night my father received information that a cargo of smuggled goods was to be landed about a mile from here, and he and his men turned out in force.

"It proved to be Mr. Lumley's boat, laden with contraband goods.

"A skiffish fight ensued, and the fair young man was cut down, though another of the party, cast in a larger and more powerful mould, escaped.

"Some of the boatmen were wounded, and one or two got away.

"My father heard the confession of that dying man, and took his message to his friends.

"He had fallen in love with Madge Lumley, and had followed her father into exile (when disgrace had fallen upon him) for her sake.

"He had, to please him, helped him with his nefarious trade, and the very wildness of the life had proved pleasant to him.

"Still, he was only waiting, serving his apprenticeship as one may say, for the woman he loved; and in a few short days, Madge Lumley would have been his wife.

"My father pitied the poor fellow, and took him to his own house.

"All he asked was to see Madge once more.

"I was then only a tiny boy, but I undertook to fetch her.

"I crept in among the garden shrubs, and hid there until I saw her in the next room to this; then I tapped on the window.

"She opened it, and I told her that the fair young man was ill, and wanted her.

"She fetched a candle, and gazed in my face.

"'I will go with you,' she answered, 'you look honest.'

"I heard a loud voice calling her in the house, but she did not heed it; and followed me out into the darkness, alone.

"She remained with her lover until he died, and the sun was rising when I led her home.

"For her sake, my father let Mr. Lumley alone, and salved his conscience by saying that after all, he could not prove that the masked man was he, and the fact of the boat being his, was no proof either.

"My father went up to London by the coach, and came back at night in a private travelling carriage, drawn by four horses.

"I saw the gentleman who accompanied him, and alighted from it.

"My father called him 'My Lord,' and he wept; when he saw the fair young man.

"Then they threw some dark wraps round his body, and bore it to the carriage; and the old gentleman clasped my father's hand, and thanked him, and the horses were again dashing back towards London.

"That was all I ever knew about it, except that I often crept into the garden to look at Madge Lumley.

"She was always sitting where I had first seen her, with her pale, sad face gazing before her, and that wistful look, which I shall never forget.

"I made acquaintance with the little maid who waited upon her, and learnt from her that she always sat thus, or wandered restlessly about the garden; and the little maid said she thought her mind would go if something was not soon done to change the current of her thoughts.

"She had never spoken to her father since the night on which her lover died, and he had grown rough with her.

"Late one evening, the little maid came to our house with a scared face, and told us that her mistress had taken her own life, with a pistol which had belonged to her lover.

"They had found her upon the ground, cold and stiff.

"She must have been dead some hours.

"We sent at once for the nearest civil authorities, which caused some delay, and when we reached the house, the doors were locked,

"We broke them open; but all we found to bear out the little servant's story, was a pool of blood, for the man who called himself Mr. Lumley was gone, and so was the body of his daughter.

"For years after the house remained uninhabited, and the fishermen, who passed by it at night, said they saw her wandering in the garden.

"Then my father died. I left the little place for school, and never visited it again until I had grown to manhood, when I found that the old story had been remembered by those who had formerly known Madge Lumley, but that another generation had arisen, who 'knew not Joseph.'

"The house had gone into the hands of a man named Markham, who was having it thoroughly done up, and as it had been uninhabited for twenty years, it needed it.

"The fishermen and boatman shook their heads, and told the old tale, but strangers came and took the cottage.

"Again and yet again it was let, but not for long.

A man I knew, rented it, and said he would live it down, but he didn't. Madge Lumley's sad, pale face was too much for him, and you'll find it too much for you.

"You had better leave the house before worse comes of it."

"What became of the poor girl's body?" asked my father. He was a practical man, was my father.

"Can't say. She was supposed to have been buried somewhere in the premises by her father."

"And what became of him?"

"No one ever knew."

"What can she want, walking about here night after night?" I asked, pitifully.

"Just as we thought we were so comfortably settled, too."

"She only comes when the moon is at the full, as it was when she gave up her life," answered Mr. Chambers.

"What does she do, Harry, when you follow her?"

"She seems to be leading me somewhere and then, all of a sudden, under those trees, she vanishes,

"We will all watch for her to-night. The moon is at the full."

We did so.

Mother and I sat at the window, and the three gentlemen remained outside.

The same scene was enacted which I had witnessed before so many times.

The figure came gliding across the garden, and they followed her into the shadow of the overhanging trees, where, after a time, she vanished.

It cast a gloom on us all.

My mother kissed me with feeling.

"I'm sorry, Carrie, but seeing's believing. You must give up the house."

"I am afraid we must," said Harry, with a sigh.

Then we had some refreshment, and bade each other good night.

I could not sleep much.

I was thinking over Mr. Chambers' story.

"Harry," I said, the moment he opened his eyes in the morning, "I have found out what Madge Lumley wants. It is Christian burial."

Harry talked my idea over with Mr. Chambers, and mentioned the fact that she always led him to one spot.

Surely it was there she had been buried.

And they determined to dig up the place: and there, not very deep down, they found a skeleton.

The bones were carefully collected, and placed in a box.

Harry then went to see our clergyman; who said he would do his best to help us.

That evening the box was conveyed to the churchyard and interred, the clergyman himself being present and reading over a portion of the burial service.

Again we watched for the figure in the moonlight, but Madge Lumley appeared to us no more.

She lay in consecrated ground, and her spirit was at rest.

We kept our secret, however, for a little while, and Harry, with my father and Mr. Chambers, had an interview with Mr. Markham, threatening to expose him for perpetually letting this house which nobody could live in.

He then said he would sell it, and have nothing more to do with it, and Harry bought it for $4,000.

After this he told him how we had laid his ghost.

Of course he would not believe it, and he and Harry parted; each satisfied with his bargain.

We placed a little marble cross over the grave, with just her Christian name, "Madge," and all that we added was these words, on the headstone, "Jesu Mercy," and at her feet, "R.I.P."

Ten years have passed since then.

We are still in our cottage by the sea.

Harry and I have never had another misunderstanding, for if anything seems wrong, when we go to our room at night, we tell each other hand in hand, and the cloud passes away.

Our children are growing up around us, and we are more than contented.

My two dear old grey-heads yet live, thank God! and still they are lovers.

I really think my Harry and I will be the same when, like them, we go down the vale of life together.

We are beginning to get aged already.

I pulled out my first grey hair yesterday.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

UNDER WATER.—A Connecticut inventor whose air ship has made him famous, has invented a submarine boat. He has a working model in operation. The model is twenty inches long, and speeds about under water at a depth of three inches to four feet according to the adjustment of the spring which operates its elevating and lowering attachment.

COTTON.—A new application of cotton is its use in part in the construction of houses, the material employed for this purpose being the refuse, which, when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and this formed into large slabs or bricks, will acquire, it is said, the hardness of stone, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

A CURE FOR GOUT.—The Dutch papers mention the discovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was confined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and next day he was quite well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and having induced a bee to sting him on the part affected he also was cured.

USE OF RESIN.—A small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove, says one who knows, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of the resin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is much more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

Farm and Garden.

STALLS.—One of the most disagreeable sights is that of filthy stalls. At this season it is very common. If such useless material as sawdust be thrown into the stalls daily it will not only add to the cleanliness of the stalls, but also absorb the liquids.

TREE TERMS.—The frequent use of descriptive terms applied to trees and fruit renders them useful and interesting to those who give their attention to horticulture. For the benefit of those not familiar with such terms it may be stated that the calyx is the remains of the flower left at the stem; the basin is the depression around the calyx; the crown, or summit, is the ridge surrounding the calyx; the stem is that part connecting the fruit to the twig of the tree, and the base is the part most remote from the crown.

LUMINOUS PLANTS.—Luminous plants have a peculiar charm to the grower and observer. One of the best is Fraxinella, or gas plant. It is an old favorite, perfectly hardy, a perennial of the very easiest culture, and should be in every garden. In the calm summer evenings, when in bloom a light applied to the base of the stock will envelope the whole plant in flame. This can be repeated time and again, and it appears with benefit to the ripening seed. This property was discovered by the daughter of Linnæus. The flowers are white or red, and are very fine.

CLOVER.—Do not forget clover; it is the foundation of profitable farming. It should be the first and constant aim of the farmer to keep a portion of the farm in it. It deepens the soil and prepares for other crops. It is the best milk producer, either in the green or dry state. Clover beef is rich, juicy and cheaply raised. Hogs cannot be maintained in good order without it. Now is the best time to sow the seed. Where the ground is very poor it is a good plan to mix the seed in compost and sow thickly. The seed in the heads often take when clean seed will not.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Great Reduction in Price!

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or,—

$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS

FOR THE YEAR 1884!

We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have concluded to reduce our Club Rates to such a figure for this year as to place THE POST within the reach of all. We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we will receive subscriptions at

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

IN CLUBS OF TEN.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at $1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than $2.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than $2.00 each.

Think of it! 10 Copies of THE POST one year, with one extra for sending the Club, making 11 copies, for $10.00!

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at $1.00 each.

We hope and trust that each of our present subscribers will send a club at the new rates. A little effort cannot fail to secure one, and they will thereby be doing to themselves and friends a favor, and assist in raising the circulation of so good a paper as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers by the reduced rate are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 728 Sansom Street.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

The love of money—the desire to accumulate in one form or another—is at the bottom of most human action. And looking along the line of savers, we come at the furthermost end to the miser, who is the true alchemist.

Like the magician in his cell, who overlooks a mighty experiment, he sees dazzling visions, and wields the will of others at his nod; but to him all other hopes and pleasures are dead, and he is cut off from all connection with his kind.

He lives in a splendid hallucination, a waking trance, and so far it is well; but if he has any other need or use for all this endless store (any more than to swell the ocean) he deceives himself, and is no conjurer after all.

He goes on, however, mechanically adding to his stock, and fancying that great riches is great gain, that every particle that swells the heap is something in reserve against the evil day, and a defence against that poverty which he dreads more, the farther he is removed from it; as the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful does the gulf yawn below—so easily does habit get the master of reason, and so nearly is passion allied to madness.

"But he is laying up for his heirs and successors." In toiling for them, and sacrificing himself, is he properly attending to the "main chance?"

This is the turn the love of money takes in cautious, dry, recluse and speculative minds. If it were the pure and abstract love of money, it could take no other turn but this.

But in a different class of characters, the sociable, the vain and imaginative, it takes just the contrary one, viz., to expense, extravagance and ostentation. It then loves to display itself in every fantastic shape, and with every reflected lustre, in house, in equipage, in dress, in a retinue of friends and dependents, in horses, in hounds—to glitter in the eye of fashion, to be echoed by the roar of folly, and buoyed up for a while like a bubble on the surface of vanity, to sink all at once and irrecoverably into an abyss of ruin and bankruptcy.

Does it foresee this result? Does it care for it? What then becomes of the calculating principle that can neither be hoodwinked nor bribed from duty? Does it do nothing for us in this critical emergency?

It is blind, deaf, and insensible to all but the noise, confusion and glare of objects by which it is fascinated and lulled into a fatal repose! One man ruins himself by the vanity of associating with fine society, another by his rage for open house, one by philosophical experiments, another by embarking in every ticklish and fantastical speculation that is proposed to him, one throws away an estate on a law-suit, another on a die, a third on a horse-race, a fourth on a contested election, etc. There is no dearth of instances to fill the page, or complete the group of profound calculators and inflexible martyrs to their own folly.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A FASHIONABLE New York tailor has a new plan for making a distinguishing mark between the waiters and guests at a banquet or other social gathering. He proposes that gentlemen hereafter have their dress suits made of diagonal, or a basket pattern in black, and leave broadcloth wholly to the waiters.

—

CHICAGO officials are enforcing the law forbidding the employment of boys and girls under fifteen years of age for more than eight hours a day. The law is said to be generally complied with. Employers who disregard it are informed by the authorities that, unless the custom be discontinued, they will be prosecuted.

—

THAT life is a poor one which is without ambition—which has no object to work for, no height to strive to reach. A person may be good and kind-hearted while willing to live in idle ignorance and let the world go on growing in wealth and wisdom, without taking an active part and interest in its onward movement; he may be good, but most certainly he is dull of mind and sluggish of body. No individual destitute of ambition will make his mark in the world. He will come and go; few will note his coming, and few will grieve at his going. Ambition it is that gives men the energy and the will, and the determination to accomplish great things.

—

A PRETTY fashion is to announce a birth by sending to friends handsome illuminated cards, properly inscribed. In Paris the color of a card denotes the sex—a pale blue card, emblazoned with dark blue and silver letters, being for a boy; and pale pink, with rose and silver, for a girl. In the left corner are the father's coat-of-arms and a monogram, and the particular sign of the zodiac dominant at the time of the child's birth.

—

PHOTOGRAPHIC likenesses are no longer considered the thing for the rich, the great or the beautiful, either in England or in this country. The old fashioned, ivory-painted miniature is now the rage, and if the "counterfeit presentment" is not quite as true to nature as those that the sun makes for us, it leaves the field open for artistic flattery and idealizing. An English artist has lately come over here, hoping to paint the belles and beauties of the New World in miniature.

—

THE Duke of Albany lately delivered at Liverpool an address, in which he strongly advocated a systematic teaching of cookery, and the provision of amusements for both old and young. In conclusion, he said that those whom Providence had placed in the front ranks of that great nation were desirous that those behind them should move onward as swiftly as they could, for the former had learned that along the ways of wisdom and virtue they would all advance farthest if they all advanced together.

—

A GENEVA dentist has invented a new and ingenious process of teeth-drawing. A small square of India-rubber, pierced with a central hole, is pushed over the tooth till the upper part of the root is reached. The India-rubber gradually contracts, pulls on the root, and the offending tooth is finally enucleated, without causing the patient any pain whatever. Four or five days are generally required to complete the operation. Slight bleeding and a swelling of the gum are the only inconveniences experienced.

—

ANOTHER development of business is noteworthy. In all the centres of population, exchanges are being organized to facilitate business. In times past, it was only merchants and bankers who met on "change," and their dealings were confined to an international traffic, but in New York, for instance, every great business is having its own exchange, hence the stock, cotton, produce, metal, grocers, dairymen, petroleum, mining and real estate dealers, as well as other special businesses, have their special buildings in which to do business. The tendency in these institutions is to reduce profits to a minimum, and hence they are beneficial to the community, though they tend in the end to drive the small trader out of business.

—

EVERYONE should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as they do for having good food. A little story-telling, a little reading—it may be of humorous things, anecdotes, etc.,—will often stimulate the joyous element of the mind, and cause it to act vigorously. Try to avoid going to the table all tired out. Let all troublesome topics be avoided. Do not scold domestics. Do not discipline children. Think and say something pleasant. Cultivate mirth, and laugh whenever anything witty is said. If possible, never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond and try to pass the time pleasantly. Friendship and friendly intercourse at table whet the appetite and promote a flow of animal spirits which are decidedly beneficial.

—

OTHER analysis may well describe this period of American history as the wire age. In no part of the economy of our daily life are we divorced from wire. It is our slave, and yet an ever-present master. Sleeping, we repose on wire mattresses. Eating, we see foods that have passed through sieves, and which are sheltered from insect appetite by wire covers. Calling, we pull wires to ring curled-wire gongs. Traveling, we are conveyed by cable or electric railways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wires, and we thread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric cables. Across our fields are strung many thousands of miles of barbed-wire fences, against which dumb brutes protest, Texan rangers draw the knife, and lawyers, juries, judges, and reporters whet their intellectual blades. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches run by wires, our books are stitched with wire, our pictures hung by wires, and our politics managed by wires.

—

IN the last ten years the population which speaks Portuguese has risen from fourteen to fifteen millions; Italian from twenty-eight to twenty-nine millions; French from forty-one to fifty millions; Spanish from forty-four to forty-five millions; German from fifty-six to fifty-eight millions; whilst English has risen from eighty to over one hundred millions. The genius of the language is in its favor. It has a simple grammar, and its vocabulary combines in a large measure the best elements of the Latin and Teutonic tongues. Its weakness lies in its arbitrary and unscientific spelling. This is probably its greatest drawback, and the best philologists of the present day are agreed as to the necessity of a reform in this direction.

—

A BOY who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents, may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit; and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of others, and caring too little for the opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kithen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourselves in a becoming and attractive manner.

—

THERE is no quality more efficient in dispelling ignorance than the courage which dares to confess it. The child learns fast simply because he has no self-conscious fear of being thought uninformed. He asks all manner of questions without any qualm or misgiving, and exposes his own deficiencies without any feeling of shame or of distress. It is by his free and eager inquiries that he improves so rapidly. Were he afraid to show his ignorance, no one could help him out of it. The enforced school lessons would comprise nearly the whole of his education, and even they could not be adapted to his individual mental need. As it is, every genial and kind-hearted person with whom he comes in contact is interested in adding to his stock of knowledge. The same privilege might be enjoyed by the adult did not a feeling of shame prevent him from seeking knowledge in the same natural and simple way. But, as the years pass, he comes to feel that the confession of ignorance will expose him to ridicule, or contempt, or censure, and he therefore hides it under whatever pretext he can find.

—

A COMMON notion among uneducated people, whose eyes are in good condition, is that young people have no use for glasses, and that they wear them "just for style." To those who are tinged with this idea, it is respectfully suggested that they wear a pair of glasses for a week, and see if they are willing to undergo the inconvenience for all the styles imaginable. If they should try that terrible invention, the nose-pinchers, less than a week will be necessary, for the tormenting things will gradually slide off if that organ is at all thick or inclined to perspire. Nose glasses are an abomination to all oculists, for they know that with them no uniformity of position can be attained. A glass to be accurately fitted to an eye must have its focal centre in a line with the centre of the eye. The wearer of the nose-glass sticks that instrument of torture on his nose in as many different positions as he can, with the lenses at all conceivable angles. Then the bowed glasses fret the ears and wear the bridge of the nose raw. The man who would wear glasses for style, wouldn't hesitate to wear ear-rings and corsets.

WHY IS IT SO?

BY A. RYAN.

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go.
Some hearts beat, where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold, where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while other keep,
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

For Gold's Sake.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

"WELL, sir, I've been waiting for your answer until my patience is quite exhausted."

"Uncle, I've not answered again, only because I regret to offend or disappoint you. I can only reiterate my determination."

"Confusion, sir, I want none of your sentimental nonsense! 'Marry only for love!'—'a wife whose only dower is her pure heart!' Very pretty, sir, to read about; very beautiful in theory. But I had hoped a little sound sense from my nephew. I say, sir, because a girl is rich, has plenty of gold and land, is that any reason why she should not be loved?"

"By no means, uncle. But if I were to accede to your wishes, money, not love, is the first, greatest, and in fact, the sole inducement for your nephew to seek Miss Leighton——"

"Silence, sir! 'Tis not so. She is the daughter of my old friend; and we promised you to each other when you were little more than babies. Come, now, Guy, be a sensible boy, and do as I bid you."

"Uncle, uncle, I cannot. I should lose all my self-respect without winning the respect of my future wife, were I to——"

"Then, sir, you are my nephew no longer! I'll cut you off with a shilling. I'll find someone else to leave my money to, or endow a lunatic asylum. But that would be providing a place for you, you ungrateful young rascal,"

"Uncle, I am not ungrateful. And as to your money, leave it where you choose. But your affection I do value. Do not cast me from your heart, uncle," Guy Eversfield said, approaching his uncle with extended hands.

"Words, words, mere words, sir. I want actions. Now, upon my honor as a gentleman, unless you will try to win Miss Leighton, you shall never cross my threshold again.

"Do you understand, sir?"

Guy looked intently for a moment into his uncle's face.

It was not as he often had seen it, flushed and heated by a passion which, soon passing away, found him still the same kind, indulgent old uncle.

There was no mistaking the cool determination.

And he answered—

"I do, sir."

"Well, sir?"

"Good morning, sir. I am sorry to part thus."

Guy's handsome face was very pale as he turned away.

He knew it would be useless to say more—even to put out his hand for a farewell clasp.

"Thank Heaven! I have health and strength, I can go to work. And, thanks to my mother's thoughtful care, I have enough money to keep me, with economy, until I can make money myself.

"Dear mother! Little did she think, when putting aside from her own scantily-filled purse 'something for her boy to do with as he chose,' how much I would need it.

"I'll go immediately and accept Morris's offer. Go into his office, do his writing, and study with him. In a few years I can be admitted to the bar. I've no doubt of making a living. And—bless her sweet face!—she will not care for riches. My beautiful darling! There is no doubt about it. I am in love as sure as ever was a fellow, and with a girl whose name I do not even know—perhaps, never shall. Well this is the street where she got out. I will hunt for her again."

Five weeks before Guy met his fate.

He had noticed first the little figure before him, clothed in deep mourning.

Then the bright golden hair that fell from beneath the little hat, and rested on the sable wrapping.

He was thinking how very graceful she was, and wondering if her face was as beautiful as her hair and figure; and if he was to hurry forward a few steps, ahead of her, would she think him very rude if he turned to catch one glimpse?

He had made up his mind to risk it, when fortune favored him.

A little girl, barefooted and looking generally miserable, came quickly by; touching the maiden, she cried, holding towards her a basket—

"Do, lady, buy my flowers, Just one little bunch."

Never had Guy seen a lovelier face than the one that turned to look at the little flower girl.

Hastening forward, ostensibly to buy a bouquet, he stood beside the beautiful girl.

She had selected a little bunch of violets, and putting her hand into her pocket, she hesitated.

A startled look came into her eyes, as she said—

"I have lost my purse; or—or someone has stolen it. I'm most sorry for your sake, poor child."

In an instant Guy came to her relief.

"Permit me," he said, handing his well-filled wallet.

"Thank you, sir," she returned, with a beautiful blush. "If you will buy some of her flowers it will answer as well."

Returning the bunch of violets to the baskets, she was moving away, when Guy caught up the violets and tossing a coin into the basket, he said—

"These are the only flowers I care to keep."

"But, oh, sir, you have given me much too much."

"Not for these, little one," Guy answered, smiling and passing on.

The child darted forward to overtake the beautiful girl and tell her of her good fortune, and she turning again at the child's touch, Guy was made happy by another look.

He raised his hat.

She could not mistake the respectful and admiring gaze.

With a smile, and a slight inclination of the head she disappeared.

He would not follow, as much as he desired to know more of her; and he had never met her since, although certainly not less than twenty-five times had he walked up one side of the street and down the other.

* * * * * * *

Seated just outside of the library was Lewis Brewster, another nephew of Mr. Eversfield.

He had heard every word of the conversation with Guy, and rejoiced at the conclusion.

"Now is my chance, if I'm not mistaken," he said, "for either the rich wife or my uncle's fortune. Indeed, perhaps both. I hardly think, however, that the old gent will hold out against Guy. He has a strange hold on his heart. My father he never loved, while Guy's he did love more than all the world.

"What he has done for me was all on account of public opinion. He did not dare to cast his sister's son off entirely, so he gave me an education, and to understand that was all he should do for me. I must now either spend the rest of my life in working for my daily bread, or find a rich wife. I much prefer the latter."

Looking through the blinds, he saw his uncle about leaving the room.

Another moment, and the hall door closed after him.

"Now, how am I to find my little jewel? The name I have. Now let me think."

Entering the library, we went up to his uncle's desk.

His face brightened, and he exclaimed—

"I am in luck! Here is my lady's, or rather her mamma's card—Mrs. Leighton."

The next day was Sunday.

Thinking Miss Leighton would surely be going to church, Lewis Brewster, faultlessly dressed, began to traverse the street in which the heiress lived.

Fortune, indeed, seemed continually smiling on him.

When he had got almost opposite her dwelling, the door opened, and a very handsomely dressed young girl stepped out.

Hastening across, he ascended the steps, and with the most graceful bow possible, inquired if Mr. Green lived there.

He had not over-estimated his powers of attraction, for certainly the young girl smiled very sweetly when she answered—

"No, sir."

Nor did she seem anxious to dismiss him.

The result was quite a little conversation; and when Lewis said "Good-morning," he breathed a little sigh, and raised his handsome dark eyes very pleadingly to hers, and went away.

"Oh, dear! I wonder what he meant by sighing and looking at me so? Certainly, if I was to see him many times, my heart wouldn't be my own very long. Many times? I declare, I'm not certain, but it's only half with me now. I hope I shall see him again. I wonder who he is."

While the young girl was thus thinking of Lewis, he was deeply engaged with thoughts of her.

"Well done for you, Brewster," he said. "You are all right. Well, the girl is pretty. She'll do. There is a golden lustre about her that will more than compensate for actual beauty.

"She is not difficult material to work upon. If I mistake not, she will enjoy a little romantic affair—a runaway match. However, to-morrow I shall be able to decide better."

The day following, Lewis saw her at the window.

A smile, a bow, given and returned.

Another day, and they met to meet again and again, many succeeding days.

"If I dared to ask you, sir, how dearly I would love to. But-but-you know——" she was saying, when Lewis interrupting her embarrassing apology, said—

"Yes, yes, I know, dear one, that your mamma is keeping you very close. She is anxious to give you to a man who cares nothing for you. And if you are forced to marry him, it will be a terrible sacrifice—a financial affair."

The girl's eyes were full of astonishment.

She said quickly—

"Oh, you're mistaken, I am not."

"Heaven grant I am—and that you will not yield to their persuasions. If you should——"

His voice trembled.

He could not speak for a moment—and then with quivering lips and choking voice, he said—

"Then what will become of me?"

Well, it needed but little more to be said, and it was settled that he was to become her husband.

* * * * * *

Guy Everfield had been less fortunate in finding his love.

The weeks rolled into months, yet he saw her no more.

He had almost despaired, when one evening, while seated in a crowded omnibus, a lady entered.

Guy noticed that there was not a vacant seat.

Ever gallant, he rose from his seat and with winning grace offered his.

The lady raised her veil—and Guy could hardly restrain from an exclamation of joy as he beheld the lovely girl who had occupied his thoughts for many weeks.

Although no sound escaped his lips, his eyes spoke plainly the glad surprise.

With a faint blush, a smile, and a bow of thanks and recognition, she accepted the seat.

Guy was not going to lose sight of his love again, and was feeling desperate, when an old gent, jumping up, hurried out.

Guy lost no time in seating himself beside the fair girl.

"I cannot feel that we are strangers."

She could not withstand his earnest, honest look, and answered—

"Fate, it seems, has decided we shall not be."

Immediately Guy handed his card.

An exclamation of surprise half escaped her lips, and her color deepened.

She continued to look at the card for a moment.

Then turning to Guy, she said—

"Your name is familiar to me, Mr. Eversfield. I have met your uncle at Mrs. Leighton's. My name is Mira Lester. I am staying with Mrs. Leighton."

On the way to that lady's, Guy told of his fruitless attempts to see her again; and when reaching her destination, he asked permission to call.

Miss Lester told him she had been absent ever since the morning after they first met.

In answer to his request to call, she said—

"Mr. Eversfield, I am companion to Mrs. Leighton. She is an invalid, and my time is very much engaged with her. Even were it not so, ought not your call rather be on Miss Leighton?"

"Ah, I see you have heard the story of Miss Leighton and myself being pledged to each other in our childhood!

"I have never seen her to remember; and with all due respect to the young lady, I am not anxious to.

"Miss Leighton and myself can never be more than now. A few days after meeting you, I gave my uncle to understand this. Well, he sent me forth. I've not seen him since."

Myra understood that she had influenced his decision, and said:

"You were hasty, Mr. Eversfield. You should have seen Miss Leighton; you might have grown to——"

Guy interrupted her, saying:

"Never! Then it could not be. The very idea of Miss Leighton was hateful to me. Without a sigh, I accepted my uncle's decision, and shall with joy resign a fortune, if, by so doing, I can win a heart of my own seeking."

They had reached Mrs. Leighton's door, and when Guy had touched the bell, he said:

"I will not ask to enter to-night. It is late, and you are tired. But to-morrow—may I?"

"Au revoir," she answered, with a sweet smile.

And Guy knew that his request was granted.

When, the next evening, Guy entered Mrs. Leighton's, he was not surprised that he passed the spacious and elegant drawing-room, and was ushered instead into a cosy little sitting-room.

He felt far happier with little Mira Lester there than he could possibly have done with the mistress of the mansion, surrounded by all the magnificence in her apartments.

Mira soon knew that she had won the true and devoted love of a noble man; that for love of her he would gladly put aside all the luxury and ease that he had been accustomed to, and accept a life of toil and privation.

Yet for all that there were many misgivings in her heart as she listened to his words of love.

"Ah, you know little of me—of my family. I believe you love me; but when the stern realities of life are before you, may you not regret?"

"Never—never!" Guy answered, fervently, clasping the little hand closer in his.

"Will you always love me as now?" she whispered.

"Always—and more and more as the years grow with us."

"Guy," she said, her eyes filled with tears, "I have a widowed mother. She needs my support."

"And mine, my darling—my own," he answered.

"Guy"—her hand was on his shoulder, her heart eagerly searching his—"Guy, you may be disappointed—you will. My mother is employed here, in this house; you——"

"Oh, my love, why will you fill your heart with doubts?

"Your mother is my mother, and wherever I find her, in 'palace, hall, or lowly cot,' here is the post of honor, for she is the mother of my queen."

"Then come to her."

Mira led Guy through the hall, and opening the door, ushered him into a very handsomely furnished room.

A gentle, delicate-looking woman reclined in an invalid's chair.

Guy's eyes were full of astonishment.

But he drew near, and taking the extended hand, raised it to his lips, and said—

"Mother—Mira has given me permission to call you so—will you give us your blessing on our love?"

"Right willingly, my dear son," she said; "and there is somebody over there who will join his blessing with mine, I'm sure."

Guy had not noticed the gentleman seated on the other side of the apartment.

He turned, and Guy exclaimed—

"Uncle!" turning his inquiring gaze from one to another.

"Yes, 'uncle' you young rascal—no, you dear boy! Yes, God bless you—both of you!" Mr. Eversfield said, clasping Guy and Mira in one embrace.

"I—I cannot understand," Guy began saying.

And Mira, turning her pleading eyes to his, said—

Oh! forgive me, Guy——"

"Forgive! Nothing of the kind. Bless, rather. 'Pon my word, if I am not half crying, when this is the happiest day of my life."

"Ah! my boy, Fate wove her web about you. This dear girl is Miss Leighton."

"Then whom, in Heaven's name, is this girl?" cried out Lewis Brewster, who had entered the room just then holding by the hand a pale and trembling girl.

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Lewis!" the girl sobbed.

And Mr. Eversfield exclaimed—

"What is all this about? What does it mean?"

"It means, sir, that this girl married me under false pretences. I believed her Miss Leighton," Lewis answered, angrily.

"Ah, ha! Indeed! And now you find out you have married the maid instead of the mistress. Serve you right! But she is too good for you."

"I—I—it is not legal, sir. I will not stand to it. I was deceived," Lewis continued.

"Oh, I tried to tell you once, but you wouldn't let me. You would call me Miss Leighton. I feared to lose you. I loved you! Indeed I did!"

"Poor girl! You are to be pitied. And you, sir—did you not deceive her with pretences of true love? Bah! She is your wife! And look to it, sir! I will not have my niece treated with any disrespect, even by her husband. There, child, dry your tears. I will take you into me until your husband finds a home for you. You, sir, had better try to win the same position that you occupied an hour ago in your wife's heart. Go now!"

Crestfallen, Lewis left the room, and house.

But he returned to his senses in a few days, and preparing a home for his bride, took her to it, declaring, at any rate, she was the handsomest girl he knew, and looked the lady.

When the door closed after Lewis Brewster and his wife, Mira turned quickly, and said—

"Guy, I meant not to continue this deception. When I first found out your name—I hardly know why—I only gave you part of mine; unless I liked you well enough, even then, to be anxious to have Miss Leighton become less hateful to you, I would have told you when you first called but your uncle made me promise not. Am I forgiven?"

"Don't speak of forgiveness, dear love," Guy said. "I have won a pure and true heart, and that, to me, was more than all the gold that earth can give."

His Sister's Friend.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I DO declare, Frank, you are perfectly incorrigible! Here I have gone to no end of trouble for your sake; even succeeded in making Miss Gresham promise to send me her portrait for your special benefit, and you deliberately announce your intention of going away when she comes!"

Frank's sister hardly know whether to be most provoked or sorry; and she bestowed on her handsome, graceless brother a look so reproachful that he laughed delightfully.

"Upon my word, Lou, but was there ever such a scheming little woman as yourself? Do tell a fellow if Mr. Fred Merwyn walked unawares into my matrimonial trap you set for him?"

Mrs. Fred Merwyn frowned violently.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Frank Hasley? You don't deserve that I should have taken such pains with Maud Gresham, for you. I half wish I had told her what a cross, unappreciative, disagreeable fellow you were instead of——"

Frank's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, then you have been merely telling the unvarnished truth about me? Handsome, talented, angelic in disposition, faultless in behavior—and dying to know the beautiful Miss Gresham."

Mrs. Lou looked bewilderingly at him, his mischievous eyes belying the perfect honesty of tone; then she sighed lugubriously,

"Well, all I can say is, you are the most unappreciative brother I ever saw. Another time I will not look out for you, when there is an heiress at stake."

She gathered up her sewing as if to him actually affronted.

But Frank caught her skirt as she passed the sofa where he was lounging, so lazy, so handsome, so mischievously demure.

"Don't go off that way, sis. Come tell me all about Miss Gresham. Is she really beautiful? I am interested you see, after all."

Mrs. Merwyn halted beside the sofa, her aggrieved expression of countenance fading as Frank asked the tempting question.

"Beautiful! I never saw such a beautiful girl, Frank! Her hair is the loveliest shade of blonde yellow——"

"Regular spun gold, eh, Lou?"

"Exactly—and all full of delicious little ripples that are so becoming?"

Frank crossed his hands comfortably under his handsome head.

"I always liked rippling hair—although I presume it is generally the result of crimping pins, or something like 'em. Go on, Lou. Complexion?"

Mrs. Merwyn was too enthusiastic to take notice of any sarcasm in Frank's attention.

"Such a skin! You've raved about milk and roses, and rubies and pearls, but you wait till you see Maud Gresham's complexion."

Frank looked solemnly at the ceiling.

"I haven't a doubt of it, Lou! Wine dashed on snow, you know—producing exactly the combination of pearl rouge and carmine. Only of course, Miss Gresham's charms are real."

Lou looked up indignantly.

"Of course they are! Now Frank Hasley, if you've been making fun of me all this time, I'll—I'll——"

Frank sprang from the sofa.

"Don't threaten, Lou! I'll go into the town, and have a meditative smoke on what you've said. By-bye, Lou."

Mrs Merwyn gave a little disappointed sigh.

"I never saw such a fellow! Well—when he sees Maud's photograph——"

And she smiled triumphantly, as she foresaw the surrender of her incorrigible brother's forces before the beauty of the girl she hoped to win for his wife.

* * * * *

"Hello, Fenn, you look as if there hadn't been a customer for a week. Are you specially busy this minute?"

Frank Hasley's clear, cheery voice sounded through the elegant little picture-gallery, over whose entrance was the sign—

"Harold Fenn, Photographic Artist."

Mr. Fenn arose, pushing back some papers, as Hasley spoke.

"You're a God-send, Frank. I've been waiting for an hour for that rascally boy of mine to come, so that I could run down to the bank, on an important errand. You'll 'tend shop' an hour, won't you?"

Frank shook his head, deprecatingly.

"It seems to me you'd better wait till that boy comes. I can't take pictures, you know."

Fenn laughed, putting on his overcoat.

"No more you can't, old fellow. Nor is there any need of such artistic skill on your part. In the first place, there hasn't been a soul in for a couple of days, from which I argue no one will be here the next hour. Again—if any one comes, keep 'em until I come back—at twelve exactly. I can trust you Frank."

And Fenn bolted, leaving Frank master of the situation, which by the time half an hour had passed, he concluded was quite a sinecure, little supposing every occurrence of that hour was fate ordained.

He had just half smoked a segar, when the silvery-throated little bell on the door announced the entrance of someone.

"Hello! Fenn's back sooner than I expected."

Never for a moment thinking the alarm was from a customer, Frank went on smoking, composedly, until a vigorous pounding on the table suddenly suggested the possible condition of the case.

He flung away his cigar and went out to see two pretty young ladies.

"We're been knocking here this half hour, young man. Where's Mr. Fenn?"

Frank was somewhat startled by the sudden address of one of the girls—a handsomely dressed stylish young lady, of undoubted independence of character.

He bowed—a little awkwardly, at the new position in which he found himself.

"Mr. Fenn is not in, ladies. If I can be of any service——"

He regretted the meaningless politeness the moment he said it.

"Can you take my photograph? I want it at once."

Frank colored slightly at the imperiousness of tone.

"Perhaps you had better wait a few moments until Mr. Fenn returns. The waiting room is yonder—you may desire to arrange your toilet somewhat."

A half-whispered consultation took place between the ladies; then the chief spokeswomen looked inquiringly at Frank.

"You're the assistant are you not? You know all about colors and shadow's don't you?"

Frank bowed assent, reserving the fact that he was the assistant pro tem. only.

"All right," the girl went on, half laughingly. "Then just tell me if this dress will take well, will you? I want my photograph for a young gentleman, and of course I want to look my best."

Frank smiled, and echoed "Of course," and assured her that black always took admirably, and delicately repeated his suggestion of retiring to the ladies' toilet room, where they would find every convenience for any possible alteration of hair, dress, etc.

"Yes; come on, Jennie. You'll let us know young man, when Mr. Fenn returns, will you?"

The "young man" assured her he would, and took refuge in the back office, divided only by a partition that did not extend to the ceiling from the dressing-room in which the patrons of the gallery re-arranged a stubborn tie or bow.

"Jennie, take off your gloves, there's a dear. My hair is every which way, and I've got to take off both switches and brush them. You'll hold them won't you?"

"Certainly. You brought the stiff brush in the satchel, didn't you, Maud?"

Frank straightened up in his chair.

Maud wasn't such a common name but that he remembered where he had heard it last.

"I believe I did: suppose you look. There ought to be the brush, and my long curl, and the 'Carnation Bloom is there."

"Yes, here it is. Here's the curl; its awfully twisted, Maud; you'll have to brush it over—and the rouge, and the—no you've forgotten the pink rouge, Maud."

"I have? Oh, what on earth'll I look like without any color? Mrs. Merwyn told me Frank so admired a flush on the girl's cheeks."

Jennie replied pacifically, while poor Frank sat like a galvanized man.

"It won't make a bit of difference Maud—it wouldn't take in a photograph you know."

"Won't it?" in a tone of relief.

Then, half laughingly—

"I hate to have that young fellow see me when I go out as pale as a ghost. He's good-looking, isn't he?"

A vigorous brushing of locks succeeded, and Frank made a horrible grimace, all by himself.

Suddenly Jennie spoke, so sharply that Frank half started from his chair.

"Oh, Maud Gresham, you've never brought the liquid dye for your eyebrows. What on earth will you do? Your eyebrows are so light to-day. You haven't had any on since the night of May Selton's party, have you?"

"Good Heaven!"

It was all Frank Hasley said to himself, but it meant volumes.

"Oh, well, I'll put a little ink on. Young man," and she raised her voice, "have you a stick of India ink?"

Frank remembered some in a saucer, and accordingly took it to the door of the dressing-room where a sight met his eyes that almost petrified him.

Where on earth had the girl's face and head gone to?

Then he caught a glance of a pile of "rippling hair" on the table, and a long glistening curl hanging across a chair back, while Maud Gresham's head looked like a yellow cocoanut with a thin tail pinned to the crown.

Frank retired from the door in a panic.

"Merciful heaven! And Lou wants me to marry her!"

As he retreated her heard Jennie's voice, and Fenn's steps on the stairs.

"Now, Maud, lay on the velvet cream before you blacken your eyebrows' I've braided too switch all right. Where's the hairpins?"

"Well," F——" Fenn began cheerily, as he dashed in, but Frank raised a forbidding hand and pointed to the dressing-room with a countenance expressive of most doleful bewilderment."

"Hush-h Fenn! Don't call my name and I'll tell you by-'n'-bye. Only I would like to know whether or not all women come to pieces so readily!"

Then in a choking undertone, Frank related his experience, while Fenn nearly strangled to keep from laughing.

Then after a preliminary rustle, Miss Maud Gresham came out to be photographed, while through a crack in the door Frank watched the wonderful transformation scene that mass of graceefully-arranged hair, rippling low over a smooth white forehead, those delicately-penciled eyebrows, meeting in a perfect arch, then a smooth, baby-fair complexion made.

He looked, remembered the sight in the dressing-room, and took his leave, a wiser, if not a sadder man.

* * * * * *

"There, look at that, Frank Hasley! Now, where are your sneers and criticisms?"

Frank took Maud Gresham's photograph from Mrs. Merwyn's hand, while that young lady watched his countenance most scrutinizingly.

"Oh, I see—Miss Gresham! Yes, Lou, she is here, every bit of her-except the rosy cheeks."

Lou frowned.

"'Every bit of her;, why, what on earth do you mean? Of course, red cheeks don't take in a photograph."

Frank elevated his eyebrows as he handed the picture back.

"So I've heard before," he said dryly. "That's a pretty picture Lou."

She brightened at once.

"Of course is is. But, if you want to see the 'milk and roses,' come down to the parlor. Miss Gresham is here herself?"

Frank could not help laughing at the tone of Lou's voice.

"Is she? All right. I'll go down, although I am quite sure she will not take a fancy to me."

A moment later, and—"My brother, Mr. Frank Hasley," was bowing before "a very dear young friend of mine, Miss Maud Gresham."

At the same instant, a startled, mortified look came into the young lady's eyes, and a queer, husky sound into her voice.

"Why—it's—it's——"

"Yes," said Frank, "it is the 'young man' from Mr. Fenn's gallery. You wouldn't care for any more India ink, Miss Gresham, would you?"

Mrs. Merwyn looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"Why, you seem to know Maud quite well, Frank. To be sure her photograph is very much like her——"

Frank sat down carelessly in a chair across the room from his guest.

"Yes, very much like Miss Gresham as I saw her when she came out of Harry Fenn's toilet-room. How is your obliging friend, Miss Jennie?"

* * * * * *

It was some time before Mrs. Merwyn discovered the secret, but from the moment Maud Gresham saw Frank Hasley, she knew her chance was gone in that direction.

Millaby's Money.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

"WELL, we are in luck," said Mrs. Millaby, seating herself on the edge of the table where Katie, her dark-eyed daughter, was industriously employed in shelling peas.

Katie started a little. As the tiny balls of pale emerald rattled into the shining tin pan, her thoughts were wondering off into the dim future, for Katie Millaby was engaged to be married to an enterprising young mechanic in the neighborhood, and she was wondering how far one piece of muslin would go towards her simple trousseau, and whether a silk dress was absolutely one of the indispensables.

"How, mother?" said she. "Has old Mr. Riverleigh decided to keep the front room with the alcove?"

For the Millabys, mother and daughter, kept their heads above water by means of half-a-dozen boarders, and a wearying sort of livelihood they found it.

"Old Mr. Riverleigh, indeed!" said Mrs. Millaby, with a toss of her head. "What should you say, Katie, if we could set old Mr. Riverleigh and all the rest of the grumblers afloat? What should you say if we were to live like ladies for the rest of our days?"

Katie opened wide her lovely brown eyes—eyes that deepened almost into black at the least excitement.

"Mother," said she, "what do you mean?"

Mrs. Millaby fanned herself with an old newspaper.

"I mean," said she, "that Grandfather Millaby is dead!"

"But I don't see what difference that makes to us, said Katie; "for you've told me, many a time, how angry Grandfather Millaby was when papa married you, and he made his will, and cut you off with a shilling."

And Katie looked admiringly at her mother, albeit it was hard to realize that the fat, purple-faced matron, sitting at the edge of the table, and fanning herself with a crumpled piece of newspaper, could ever have been young and pretty enough to tempt a man to forego all his hopes of the future for her sake.

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Millaby. "And so he did, But he has altered his mind. Old folks always are changeable, and he's no different, as it seems, from all the rest. And Mary Silsbee, that does work for Lawyer Luckey's folks, she writes me that Mrs. Luckey told her she'd seen a copy of the last will and testament that over the crabbed old man made. Lawyer Luckey himself drew it up—and there's ten thousand left to Catherine Millaby in it."

Rattle, rattle! went the peas all over the floor, as Katie left the pan slip out of her lap in her astonishment.

"Ten thousand? Oh, mother!"

"Ten thousand!" complacently nodded Mrs. Millaby.

"But, mother, why haven't we been legally notified?" questioned Kate.

"Time enough for that, child," said Mrs Millaby, with an air of mild patronage. "Rome wasn't built in a day, and the postman may bring the letter any minute now."

Katie's eyes grew bigger and bigger.

"Mother, may I do as I like with the money?" said she almost in a whisper.

"Of course you may," answered Mrs. Millaby. "You're over age, aren't you?"

"Oh! mother I'll give it all to Timothy Payson,"

"To Timothy Payson," echoed Mrs. Millaby, loftily. "I hope, child, you'll put all that sort of nonsense out of your head. Timothy Payson, indeed! You can look higher now, I hope, than any carpenter of 'em all."

Katie's innocent face fell.

"Mother, you wouldn't have me give up Timothy? I love him."

"Don't talk nonsense, Katie," said Mrs. Millaby, with extreme disgust. "We shan't stay here. I'll give up the lease of the house. Deborah Sanborn will be glad to get it, and we'll take a house in some more fashionable place, where we can see plenty of genteel company. And there's no telling how good a match you may make, if only you play your cards well. Katie, what are you crying about?"

"It's about Timothy," whimpered poor Katie. "I don't care to be rich if I can't have Timothy."

"Nonsense!" cried out Mrs Millaby. "I am ashamed of you, Catherine. Why, you've no more spirit than a hen. Do you suppose I'm going to let my daughter marry a carpenter?"

"But you didn't object when we were engaged."

"That has nothing to do with it" said Mrs. Millaby. "You were not an heiress then."

So when Timothy Payson called that evening in his best clothes, and a rose in his buttonhole, Mrs. Millaby met him at the door with a grim, Medusa-like visage.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Payson," said she, "but Katie is engaged."

Timothy's honest face fell.

"Didn't she expect me?" said he. "It's Wednesday evening, and she always——"

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Millaby. "She's engaged, I tell you."

And she shut the door in Timothy's face.

Mr. Payson turned away, much marvelling and cut to the heart.

"If she really means to turn the cold shoulder on me——" he began in a sort of soliloquy.

"Timothy! dear Timothy!"

And just as he turned the corner a slender little figure flitted up to him—Katie herself.

"Mother said she wouldn't let you in, Timothy," fluttered she, "because Grandfather Millaby has left me ten thousand pounds, and she thinks I ought to marry a rich man."

"And you, Katie?"

"I'll never marry any man but you, Tim, dear," cried out Katie.

"God bless my little girl!" said the tall fellow, pressing her arm involuntarily as he drew it within his own.

"No, I'll not," protested Katie. "Not for all the fortunes in Golconda! Because I love you, and I couldn't be happy with anyone else."

Mrs. Millaby in the meanwhile was making arrangements for a new life which seemed opening before her. She gave all her boarders a week's warning.

"A week is a short time," said old Mr. Riverleigh.

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Millaby, "I'll be a slave no longer."

From a meek, amiable hard working woman, Mrs. Millaby had suddenly blossomed out into an arrogant, purse-proud shrew—no improvement on her old self.

The boarders shrank away feeling themselves trespassers.

Katie was secretly afraid of her mother, and dreaded divulging the fact that she was still true to her first love, and there was a generally uncomfortable atmosphere about the house.

"But I don't see," Mrs. Millaby said, loftily, "what keeps the letter of advice. It's a lawyer's business to notify the heirs at once. Grandfather Millaby has been dead nearly a week now, and not a word have we heard. I shall not trust Katie's money in Lawyer Luckey's hands after this. What's that? The postman! Give me the letter, Katie, quick!"

Her hand trembled with excitement as she held it out.

But the direction was in bold legal hand, but a cramped female calligraphy.

"Mary Silsbee, as I live" cried Mrs. Millaby.

"MY DEER REBECCA.—I Deeply Regrett that I Unintentionally Mis-led you About the Millaby Will. There was a legacy of Ten Thousand Pounds to Catherine Millaby, but it was George Millaby's Daughter As was Ment, and not your Girl! And there is nothing left to you.

"Resp'y MARY SILSBEE,"

Mrs. Millaby flung the letter to one side, with a burst of hysteric tears and sobs.

"There's nothing in it after all," she bewailed herself "Not a shadow of truth! And we're as poor as ever! And Tim Payson mortally offended, and all the boarders gone away! Oh, what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"Mother, don't fret!" said cheery Katie, coming close to her. "Tim's as good and true as ever; God bless him. And I'll just speak to Mr. Riverleigh, and the Merricks, and the Miss Hallers, and I know they will not leave us. And, perhaps, mother dear," with a little quiver in her voice, "we shall be a deal happier just as we are, than if we had inherited Grandfather Millaby's money."

"Well, may be you're right," said Mrs. Millaby, reluctantly.

Tim Payson and Katie were married and they still lived at Mrs Millaby's, and all the old boarders stayed on.

But Mrs. Millaby has never yet caused to think regretfully of the money which Katie did not inherit from flinty-hearted old Grandfather Millaby.

CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—Ground cannot well be made too rich for currants and gooseberries. Plant in rows four feet apart and three feet apart in the rows; give thorough culture or deep mulch over the entire surface, cut out all wood of three years growth (or after first crop is often considered better), and a good crop is almost certain.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs."

It had come to this with all who are using the new Vitalizing Treatment now being so widely dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street., Philadelphia, Penna., specialists in Chronic Diseases. This is not a drug treatment. It does not introduce an enemy into the system, but a kind and gracious healer. It does not assault or depress nature, as is always the case when crude drugs are taken, but vital forces. All of its effects are gentle, pervading and vitalizing. If you are suffering from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, for their pamphlet, and learn all about this wonderful treatment.

INTERRUPTION.

MISS NIGHTINGALE says in one of her books "that those who allow themselves to be exposed to constant interruption in their occupations, must end by losing all power of application."

This is a truism, proved by experience to be so true, that it may be useful to dwell for a few minutes on the subject of interruption, dividing it into two parts—What is Interruption? How can it be prevented?

Well then, it appears to us that interruption, in the sense in which we now speak, means that senseless habit which certain persons have, of always doing and speaking of that which occupies their minds at the moment, without the smallest consideration for the annoyance that fidgeting about a room and breaking in upon silence may cause to others occupying the same apartment.

Very few people (except office men) have separate rooms to work in, and the means and habits of many families oblige the use of a common sitting-room.

The absence of a quiet spot in which to work, in no way exonerates the busy from the necessity, and the pleasure of thorough good head-work.

Let us take the example of the hard-working mother of the upper middle class, or the daughters of such a family, with literary, scientific, artistic, or philanthropic tastes.

The former has staff letter-writing and accounts, and many a household problem or family anxiety to think out; the latter have, besides these, to work out the branch of knowledge to which they are addicted—work which very likely eke out their small pocket money, and gives them little luxuries of books, music, or toilette extras.

Who that has felt it—and they are many—will not bear witness to the deplorable annoyance, trial of temper, and loss of power caused by interruption.

A half-grown school-boy or girl rushes in to tell some out-door news or discovery made in the morning's walk, or leisure spent in amusement, which would perfectly well keep till luncheon or tea time; an old lady or gentleman requires some little attention which the smallest self-denial and thought for an inveterate habit of humming whistling, poking the fire unnecessarily, or of throwing out general observations on the most common-place subjects; a careless servant coming to ask for some forgotten needful from the store-cupboard or detail in the house-keeping, distract the already well-worn nerves of the mother, or the concentrated attention of the intellectual daughter, and half a morning's work is spoilt, fresh efforts have to be made to restrain irritable tempers, and in the end a very appreciable extra burden is laid upon life.

Sometimes the mother herself is the offender; from having never been taught the blessings of uninterrupted work, or perhaps from the constant recurrence of interruption, having lost the power of application.

Many sweet-tempered, equable persons will say this is all the result of your own irritable disposition, and you shall not allow yourself to be so ruffled and disturbed.

To this we answer, that those unfortunately possessing highly-strung temperments are just as common as the fortunate possessors of seraphic dispositions, and that the one has as good a right as the other to consideration.

Now to our second point—How is interruption to be obviated, avoided or lessened?

In a general manner this appears to be best answered by the oft repeated commandment of "Do unto others," &c.

Much of the annoyance comes from heedlessness, and if we can succeed in drawing anyone's attention to the extent of the injury which heedlessness on this subject inflicts on many, we shall feel much good has been done.

Only mark that weary look of disturbed and distracted thought, and the sharp twitch of the lip as it is bitten to restrain the rising murmur as unnecessary interruptions occur, and say, is the indulgence of the habit not a distinct breaking of our duty to our neighbor?

Many will say "not" should be called into requisition to restrain this habit of interruption, but "tact" is a fine art in itself, and what we treat of is within the reach of the youngest and the most commonplace.

Another help to avoiding the annoyance of interruption appears to us to be this—to encourage those who have no regular sitting-room, but the common one of the family, to live separately for some hours in each day.

By management and taste, bed-rooms may be made exceedingly comfortable sitting rooms; and if, instead of being considered sulky and unsociable, it were taken as a matter of course that each member of the family party spent some hours in their own rooms each day, half the interruptions would be prevented and much local comfort encouraged.

We must parenthetically meet the obvious difficulty of fires in winter, with the remark that it is not always winter, and we will conclude by admitting that all must burden themselves to a great amount of interruption; for the habits and ways of the nineteenth century—constant posts, telegrams, and the frequent arrival of visitors, through the increased facilities of locomotion in these days—must bring battalions of difficulties in this line.

Still (to carry out the metaphor), if we enlist one soldier in our cause of fighting the battle of non-interruption, we shall not have said our say in vain.

New Publications.

"A Book of Horrors" is what "The Crimes of the Latter Day Saints in Utah" by a Mormon of 1831, calls itself. It is intended as a demand for a legislative commission to [illegible] interesting, though at times a trifling heavy. Published at 402-404 Sansome St, San Francisco, Cal. Price 25 cents.

MAGAZINES.

A fine frontispiece portrait of Von Moltke and a character portrait of Irving as Hamlet lend personal interest to the March *Century*. The number is unusually rich in illustrations, the articles accompanied with engravings being: The New Washington, by an anonymous writer; Old Public Buildings in America, by Richard Grant White; Cruise of the Alice May, by Mr. Benjamin; and Notes on the Exile of Dante, by Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke. The more solid articles are Wayne McVeigh's paper on The Next Presidency; and The Suppression of Pauperism, by Messrs. Means, John Burroughs describes, in his charming [illegible] A Hunt for the Nightingale, in England. The fiction of the number includes the fourth part of Robert Grant's, An Average Man; the fifth of Mr. Cables', Dr. [illegible] and a short story by Octave Thanet, [illegible] with social prejudices in a Western city, and entitled, Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair. The Open Letters, department contains several readable contributions. Brief Bric is made up almost entirely of pleasant light verse, and there are several other poems in the number. The Century Co. New York.

Miss L. B. Humphrey opens the March *Wide Awake* with a fine frontispiece for a very sweet poem by Miss Burnham, entitled Her Angel. John Preston True, the popular author of Their Club and Ours, follows with a merry School story; The Stampede in the Second Dormitory; this has several spirited illustrations. Then comes Margaret Sidney's article, The Indian School at Carlisle. The article records important facts, and is illustrated with engravings from photographs. Very vivid in its contrast with the instances of modern education, is Edwin D. Mead's scholarly paper concerning Queen Elizabeth and her Schoolmaster. The chapter literature of the number is very charming. The serials are: In No-Man's Land; A Brave Girl; and A Double Masquerade. There is also a long English story by Lady Duntreyne, and a story of some little folks in Cheyenne, Wyoming, by Mrs. Pavelsons, and there is a pictorial Æsop's Fable, The Donkey and the Lion's Skin, etc. And with all the rest, there are two pages of original music, a setting of one of MacDonald's songs by Jadassohn, the famous German composer. $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for March: From Manor to Mart; College Athletics; Green Sand and Red Sunsets; The Ancestry of Birds; Mexico and its Antiquities, (Illustrated); The Remedies of Nature,—Catarrh, Pleurisy, Croup. By Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; Study—Physiologically considered; Fashion and deformity in the Feet, (Illustrated); On Rainbows, by John Tyndall, F. R. S.; Science Versus the Classics; The Jury System; The Chemistry of Cookery; Science and Safety at Sea, by Richard A. Proctor; Sketch of Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel (With Portrait); Correspondence, Mosquitoes and Malaria; Editor's Table, Collegiate Influence upon the Lower Education; Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Appleton & Co. New York.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature for March contains a great deal of the highest interest and value to all classes of readers. Among the articles, all taken from the leading publications of Europe may be mentioned: Religion; A Florentine Tradesman's Diary; Poet Morton, a poem; Earthquake weather; Tragedy in Japan; The Soudan and its Future; Gambetta; Old writers and Modern Readers; A Visit to Pallanza; The Tedium of Truthfulness; Helen's Tower; The Possible Suspension of Old Age; Semilla, prose poem; The Old and New Cynics; Liszt; Notes; Miscellany, etc. E. R. Pelton, Publisher. 25 Bond St, New York. Price 45 cents per number.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine on flowers and the garden is particularly good for March. It contains much in the way of valuable hints and information in its special line and to any progressive flower-lover it is worth its price ten times over. $1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Publisher.

Our Little Ones and *The Nursery* is a monthly publication which we can highly recommend for its excellent reading and splendid illustrations. Suitable to younger children. The Russell Publishing Co. 36 Bromfield St, Boston. $1.50 per year.

A LAD, aged thirteen, was arraigned in the Police Court in New York on Monday. He is said to be a habitual drunkard and to have been drunk most of the time since [illegible].

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cares, stages, and elevated railroad to the depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

What is the cord in which you cannot be a knot? A cord of wood.

Why do summer roses fade? Because there is no one to love them.

Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it is in the middle of the day.

What color was the last squall in [illegible]? Why, the storm rose and the wind blue.

Why is a primrose like an umbrella? Because at the touch of the spring it opens up.

Why is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? Because he makes lasses into classes.

Which has the most legs, a horse or no horse? A horse has four legs, no horse has five.

It is not a misfortune for a young lady to lose her good name if a young man gives her a better.

If a young lady was suffering from blighted affection, what flower would you give her? Hearts [illegible].

Why is a certain kind of window called a bay window? Because people go there when they [illegible].

Law is very like a sieve; it is easy to see through it, but one must be considerably reduced before he gets through.

An ardent youth excused himself for his anxiety to take her to his bosom, on the plea that he [illegible].

A lecturer is telling "How we hear." It [illegible] tells a friend of ours, and tells him not to tell; that's the way we hear.

Two farmers had a dispute about the boundary-lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms.

Avoid that which you blame others for doing, says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

"Its effect is immediate on Heart Disease." Sold of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. Sold by druggists.

"Smile when you can," is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously-admonitory beings, the poets. No one can smile when he wants to.

'Don't Holler Until You are Out of the Woods.'

Sometimes well people have but little sympathy for the sick. Not long ago we heard a gentleman "chaffing" a friend who was using Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 10 for indigestion. It was not long before this worthy was using the same remedy, and praising it, too, for its power over it troublesome complaint.

He further affirms that [illegible] specifics, Nos. 1 and 7, for cough [illegible] could be excelled. The [illegible] position to the [illegible] cough, as well as the [illegible] at which his friend had become alarmed lest an attack of pneumonia was setting in. At this juncture he commenced [illegible] No. 7 and 1, taking six pellets every [illegible]. The cough soon became mild; hoarseness passed off; strength and appetite improved, and in a week he was entirely cured, having used no other medicine.

Since then he has learned that Specifics Nos. 1 and 7 have promptly, effectually and inexpensively cured thousands of similar throat and lung difficulties; and no longer wonders at his friend's unqualified praise when speaking of No. 10. He speaks from experience now, and with suppressed amusement remarks, "It is never well to holler until you are out of the woods, you know."—Exchange.

Extent of the Corset Industry.

[illegible] sale [illegible] United States is about $10,000,000, of which two millions are imported, and eight millions are manufactured in this country. The largest manufacturers of the world are Warner Brothers, whose factory is located at Bridgeport, Conn., with salerooms at New York and Chicago. The business of this firm has been built up entirely within the past ten years, and is due largely to the discovery by them of a substitute for corsets, called Coraline, which they use in place of the rigid and brittle whalebone heretofore employed. The cloth which this firm cut into corsets in a single year, if drawn out in a continuous line, would more than reach from Boston to Chicago, while the Coraline which they use in stiffening these corsets would extend overhalf way around the earth.

THE MONARCH HORSE HOE AND CULTIVATOR combined is the latest improvement in agricultural implements, designed for hoeing (with horse) Potatoes, Corn, Beets, Cabbage, Turnips, etc. See advertisement of Monarch Mfg. Co. in another column.

Super. fluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific [illegible] Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 130 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not paste to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. G. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
[illegible] years. The [illegible] simple [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] case sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, [illegible], Dyspepsia, Water Brash, [illegible], Mercurial [illegible], Consumption, Gout, [illegible], Carbuncles, etc.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, [illegible] Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] blood, restores health and vigor; clears [illegible] and [illegible] accepted to all.
Liver Complaints, Etc.,
[illegible]
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
[illegible]
One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Looseness, Diarrhœa, or [illegible] from the bowels are stopped in [illegible] Nervousness, Inflammation, no weakness or [illegible] use of the R. R. Relief.
ACHES AND PAINS.
For headache, whether sick or nervous, [illegible], neuralgia, rheumatism and sleeplessness, [illegible], lumbago, pains and weakness in [illegible], spine, or kidneys, pain around the liver, [illegible], hurts and pains of all sorts, Radway's [illegible] will afford immediate ease, and its [illegible] continued, [illegible].

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Observe the following symptoms resulting from [illegible] Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, [illegible] when in a lying posture, Dizziness, Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE."
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

60 Lovely Cards Choice Chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. [illegible] New style Fruit or [illegible] other styles. Big pay to agents. Send 6c. for terms and samples to canvass with. R. Ely Card Works, Meriden, Conn.

YOU Can grasp a Fortune. New Guide to Wealth with 197 Engravings Free. J. Lynn & Co., 709 Broadway, New York.

50 [illegible] Middletown, Ct.

100 [illegible] W. Brooks, Putney, Vt.

Our Young Folks.

BARBARA'S FAIRY.

BY PIPKIN.

"HOW many horses are there in your father's stable?"

"Three—black, white, and grey."

"Then turn round three times, and catch who you may."

"You must say it—you must; you spoil all the fun; you must say 'three—black, white and grey!'" loudly cried a dozen voices, while a dozen eager, excited children crowded round Barbara.

"I will not," said Barbara.

The "not" rang out through the room like the chime of a bell.

"Then you can't play blind man's buff."

"And who said I wanted to play blind man's buff?" replied the young lady very coolly.

"But you do—you must."

"Why must I?"

"Because we're all playing, and you must play, too."

Barbara drew herself up proudly, and exclaimed:

"Am I to stain my lips with falsehood for the sake of your blind man's- buff? How many horses are there in my father's stables?

"There are not three. They are not black, white and grey. There is one; his name is Prince, and his color brown."

"And brown does not rhyme with may," said Jack.

"And for the sake of a rhyme, is a girl to say what is not true?" Barbara cried, casting her eyes up to the ceiling, and flinging her arms about in the air. "Oh, shame, shame!"

"Stop all!" said Nathaniel, who generally went by the name of naughty Nathaniel, as he was always so mischievous.

Barbara looked at him.

"We're not acting a play. If we're acting a play, let us; but we're not. This is a game of blind man's buff. You must play, and you must keep to the rules."

"Only I won't do so, that's all," said Barbara, in a cool manner; and she sat down on the floor.

Several of the children followed her example, and sat down, too; but others grumbled and said it was too bad, and they wanted to play.

"How many birds have you in your cage, pray?" asked Nathaniel, in a sneering way.

"Oh!" said Barbara, "I have no objection to answering a question when it is not against my conscience. I have one—one beautiful golden canary, who sings like anything."

Barbara sat on the floor, with her back to where her bird hung, so she was not at all aware of what naughty Nathaniel was doing while he spoke.

He jumped on a chair softly, opened the door of Fairy's cage, and out flew that golden canary the minute he did so; and all was done so gently that its mistress knew nothing of it.

"How many horses have you in your father's stables?" sneered he. "She would not say, 'Three blacks, white, and grey,' because there is only one, and she objects to one crown.

"The dunce! I don't say what wasn't all square, even in play. But what a[illegible] very funny it is to have a cage, when you've no bird in it. Look in the cage—it is empty."

Barbara sprang to her feet.

"It isn't!" she cried.

As she spoke the words she beheld the empty cage, with open door, and the golden beauty, but ought to have been in it, sitting huge close their heads on the top of a picture frame.

"Oh, naughty, naughty Nathaniel!" she cried. "[illegible] put him back in his cage!"

"I thought he was in his cage," replied Nathaniel, with a wicked leer. "Did you not tell us so, and we know how particular you always are about speaking the truth. As we know the pretty dear is really in his cage all this time, because Barbara says so, and Barbara, as a matter of course, always speaks the truth—there can be no harm in opening a window and letting in the sweet snow breeze."

And, suiting his action to his words, naughty Nathaniel flung one of the windows open.

Naughty Nathaniel!

But not so naughty as he seemed, for he was not cruel and unkind, only full of mischief.

He only wanted to frighten Barbara, and make her angry.

She had a hasty temper, and Nathaniel, who was her cousin, and on a visit in the house (the other children being invited there for the evening), dearly loved putting her in a passion.

Now he wished to punish her for spoiling his game of blind man's buff.

Barbara sprang at him, with a piercing scream.

"Oh, you naughty, bad boy!" she cried. "Shut the window! My fairy! My lovely bird!"

And as she spoke the words, her bird flitted airily down from his perch, and flew through the open window right out into the [illegible].

Barbara [illegible] leaped after him into the cold [illegible] there stood helpless and weeping.

Nathaniel was utterly confounded at the too great success of his prank.

"Who would have thought that the little beggar would have flown out like that!" he muttered.

Then, with some of the other boys' help, he pulled Barbara back again into the room.

And Amy took her shoes off, and put her in a chair by the fire, and made her warm her feet.

But poor Barbara only rocked herself backward and forward, sobbing and lamenting. And the burden of her song was still:

"Oh, my Fairy, my darling, my golden king!"

"If it had been my robin," said little Minnie, the gardener's daughter, who had just helped to bring in the sandwiches for the children's supper, "it would never have flown away. My robin lives out of doors, and flies to me every morning to get his breakfast."

"Do stop crying!" said the penitent Nathaniel.

But she cried the harder.

"I'll buy you the loveliest canary I can find, put it into Fairy's cage, and you won't know the difference."

Then Barbara sat bolt upright, ceased crying, and flashed her angry eyes, radiant with tears, on him.

"Another bird!" she almost shouted; "another, and not know the difference! Oh, you cruel, hard-hearted boy! Is it just a bird I want? It is Fairy; it is my golden king!"

Then she cried again.

Nathaniel stood and stared helplessly at her.

"See here," said Robert, "we'll put the cage on the steps, with the door open, and leave it there all night; you'll find Fairy in it in the morning."

Barbara listened, a gleam of hope in her eyes.

"There's the cat," she said, with trembling voice.

"Oh, never mind the cat!" cried Nathaniel; "leave the cat to me. I'll keep the cat in my bedroom. I assure you, I should rather like it than otherwise," he added, eagerly.

The cat was differently disposed of, however, being shut up in the kitchen, and the cage was put out on the steps.

The visitors were now obliged to take leave.

They kissed Barbara with tender, sympathizing kisses, and one and all declared they should send in the morning to inquire about the bird.

But Minnie, the gardener's daughter, said:

"Perhaps, if you come to me in the morning, my robin will find Fairy."

Barbara begged to be allowed to sit up and watch the cage, but her mother would not allow it.

"And remember, my dear," she said, "the sooner you go to sleep, the shorter will seem the time."

"Sleep!" Barbara replied, sorrowfully, "I wonder, mamma, what you think I'm made of?"

But poor Barbara was made of the same stuff that other children are, and children's brains and bodies cannot do without sleep.

In ten minutes she lay, as usual, in the soundest slumber.

In the morning she awoke without a thought of the disaster of the previous night in her mind.

She sprang out of bed joyfully, but as she saw the snow on the ground, her heart seemed to turn colder within her than that snow, for the sudden recollection of Fairy rushed back to her.

She wrapped herself warmly up and ran swiftly downstairs and out of the house—not to look at the cage which had been put outside.

The words of Minnie, the gardener's daughter, rang in her ears.

"Perhaps, if you come to me in the morning, my robin will find your Fairy," and she never stopped till she reached her cottage in the garden, and entering by the front door, and finding the kitchen empty, passed through to the room behind it.

With all the silence and mystery in the world Minnie was creeping round the open back door to feed her robin, a tame, merry little fellow, who had not the least notion of being afraid or flying away.

But it was by these timid approaches that Minnie had tamed him, and she kept them up still, though only in play.

Barbara put her eager hand on her shoulder.

"Oh, Minnie, has your robin found my Fairy?"

"I don't know; ask him," replied Minnie. As she spoke the robin flew briskly away and perched on a half-open basket that stood outside the door, where he fluttered his wings and sang loudly.

The children followed him on tiptoe, their fingers on their lips, and—oh, wonderful sight!—in the basket was a little yellow ball, all fluff and feathers, without either head or claws, after the manner of canaries when fast asleep.

Oh, the joy of that peep!

Oh, the smile of delight that illumined Barbara's anxious little face!

"Fairy!" she cried, and at the beloved voice the ball became a living bird.

Out came head and claws, and Fairy saw his little mistress.

He flew to her in an almost angry transport of joy, as if it had been her fault, and not his own and naughty Nathaniel's, that he had spent a night out in the snow.

He perched in her bosom, he fluttered his wings at her, he laid his beak on her lips like a kiss, he sang loudly, joyfully [illegible] could be [illegible] that he understood the situation, that Barbara's love was not given to a thankless bird, and that he was overflowing with affection and delight.

Nathaniel had been out also, looking for Fairy, and as he approached the cottage he saw the meeting between Barbara and her bird.

"Well!" he cried, with wide-opened eyes and gaping mouth, "I'd no idea the little beggars had all that in them. From this day I'll be kind to birds!"

Then he held up something he carried in his hand, and said,

"Look here, Barbara."

And what do you think it was?

It was the cage that had been put out with dainties in it to tempt Fairy, but by which Fairy was not to be tempted—I suppose because it was his mistress he wanted more than his own comforts; and the cage was full of dear little robin redbreasts and friendly sparrows and yellow-streaked finches, who, wise little creatures, had sheltered there from the snow; but Fairy did not condescend to give them a [illegible] he was too happy to find himself on Barbara's breast.

So the children walked home in joyful procession, singing loudly as they went.

MR. SPARKS' COURTSHIP.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MR. SPARKS, at fifty made his fortune, and was anxious to make a certain Miss Effie Fell his life partner.

Effie was certainly pretty and accomplished, and also rather amiable; but she had no great sympathy for afflicted [illegible].

Mr. Sparks was very near-sighted, so she snubbed him unmercifully, though (as he had, for vanity's sake, lately left off using his glasses) he scarcely noticed the fact.

At Mrs. Perry's (his landlady), where about twenty people had been asked to five o'clock tea, he met Miss Effie Fell, and had his usual tormenting experience of just being too late for everything.

It was his fate to take down to supper a very bright, merry, plain, little old maid, who talked to him without ceasing. She was, without doubt, very pleasant, notwithstanding the crime of being only five years younger than himself; and she, for her part, found him charming. But he did one curious thing. As they went up-stairs he stopped at the door of the library, in which the ladies had left their wraps, and led her in.

"I have an idea," he said, "that ladies always choose those things in reference to their complexions, and that I can tell which belongs to anyone I know. Now this crimson thing, with all the tassels, ought to be Miss Brown's."

"There you're wrong; that is Miss Effie Fell's," said Miss Ruth.

"I shan't try to guess any more then," said this artful bachelor, who had discovered what he desired to know, and led Miss Ruth away.

But when the ladies went to the library to don their wraps, he watched them from the stairs, and as soon as the vivid scarlet wrap which had a hood to it, veiled a certain dark head, he darted forward. He could not see the girl without his glasses, but he knew the color of the wrap.

"Let me see you home," he said.

A voice from under the shadow of the deep ball fringe answered, "Why yes, thank you," and he offered his arm.

The night was dark, the face of the lady beside him was quite invisible when once out of doors, but he felt her little hand on his arm, and could not help saying, "How delightful this is!"

The hand fluttered a little, but was not removed from his arm. It was the hand of Miss Ruth, although the wrap was Effie's.

Effie had promised to stay all night at the Perrys and had said to Miss Ruth, who had worn, what she considered, insufficient wrappings, "Put on this thing of mine, Miss Ruth, or you'll have one of your bad face-aches."

And Miss Ruth who was too poor to have pretty things of her own, though she was always neat, rather liked to wear this becoming crimson garment, if only for an hour after dark.

She was very happy under it, as this amiable old bachelor said charming things to her; but when at last Mr. Sparks, taking that little black glove in his, said, "I know it is a little premature, but you have always been so surrounded by admirers that I have had no opportunity before, and my feelings are deeply interested. Can you like me enough to be my wife?" Miss Ruth actually uttered a little scream.

"Mr. Sparks!" she cried, "it is so sudden! I—I don't know what to think: we've hardly met. To be sure, no one could be nicer, and a more suitable age. I should never be silly enough to marry anyone younger than myself. But I can't answer such a question on the very instant without thinking."

Surely this was not Effie's voice? It was a pretty voice, too, but lower in tone.

"Surely this is Effie Fell's wrap?" he said, gasping.

"He notices even what I have on," said little Miss Ruth. "How much in love he must be!" And she answered, "Why, yes. How bright you are about everything, to be sure! She would make me put it on, dear soul—so thoughtful! Mr. Paul Perry will have a nice wife—a nice, pretty wife, as I told his mother. They're to be married a month from Thursday."

A moment before, Mr. Sparks had been wondering how he could ever explain the mistake to Miss Ruth; now he thought, "Thank Heaven! I have not given that girl the opportunity of refusing me!" and a thought that Miss Ruth might not be so unsuitable a wife for him, after all, stole into his heart. They walked on in silence.

"I will come and talk it all over to-morrow," he said, as they parted at the door. "And you must think it well over."

"And you'll not be angry with me if I should not say yes?" said Miss Ruth. "It is for life, you know—such a solemn thing for both."

It was a judicious answer, though Miss Ruth did not know it. She uttered the very words calculated to win Mr. Sparks.

It has always been a sort of a fairy tale to Miss Ruth that, at forty-five, her husband fell in love with her the second time he saw her, but it has been a delightful one; and she has grown plump and bright-eyed in a sort of second girlhood that came with her first love.

"And Mr. Sparks is proud of his wife, I can tell you!"

DRINK MADNESS.—The warnings some drinking men receive are very strange. I know several men who are spreers who have warnings, generally visions more or less horrible, but invariably the same, when they approach the wall behind which the Jim-Jams lurk.

Probably the most striking case is that of a gentleman who inherited his diseased craving for alcohol. He will not drink, it may be, for a year.

Then he will put his business in such shape that he can leave it for a few days, and deliberately get drunk.

For two days he devotes his energies to getting drunk and staying drunk. He is not of the least trouble to any one when he is drinking.

He shuts himself up in his room and drinks alone. In two days he will drink a gallon of the best sour mash bourbon whisky money can buy.

He always begins drinking in the evening. Toward morning he goes to bed in a beastly state of intoxication.

At noon next day his vision comes to him. He dreams that he went to bed and slept soundly until awakened by a hard, white flickering light. He lies awake wondering what causes the light, and hears a loud knock on his bed-room door. "Come in!" he cries.

The door is thrown wide open, and a man who had been freshly flayed stalks in. The flayed man smiles in a ghastly manner and nods in friendly recognition. The flesh is gone from his mouth. His teeth grin mockingly.

He stations himself opposite the bed and leans against the wall, his shoulders making a bloody mark where he leans. His lidless eyes roll, and his tongue lolls. The bed-room door remains open. My friend looks out of the door into the street.

There he sees a long column of flayed men marching rapidly down the road. Stragglers drop out from the column and enter his room.

When ten men have entered his bed-room door closes. The flayed men, who are covered with fresh blood, walk silently around the room looking at him.

They point their bloody fingers at him. At a signal from the man who first entered they all march out. Presently they return, each carrying a flayed and bloody corpse. The blood has dried on the five men while they were absent, and it flakes from them as they re-enter the room with their ghastly burdens.

The corpses are placed on the floor in a row, side by side. At a signal from the leader of the skinless horrors they straddle the dead bodies, and bending over, grasp them around their waists.

Then, straightening up with the legs of the dead men between their own, they move around the room in a weird dance, now advancing, now retreating, then circling around the bed, and always leering and grinning at my friend.

After desperate efforts he awakens, and the vision disappears. It is his warning to quit drinking, and he heeds it too. F. W.

THE OLD MASTERS.—A southern paper explains the manner in which old masters are libeled by frauds. Old canvases are imitated by covering the fresh painting with a paste, and subsequently baking the whole scientifically in an oven until the proper ancient tinge appears and the cracks of the varnish are sufficiently multiplied. Mellow tones are produced with licorice-juice, and sombre tints with lamp-black. Fly-specks are counterfeited by flipping the end of a camel's hair brush dipped in a mixture of gum and sepia, so that a shower of infinitesimal black drops are flung upon the canvas. Signatures are counterfeited by very learned experts in the history and literature of painting: men thoroughly acquainted with all the monomanias of celebrated masters, and able to imitate any painted signatures with "stupefying exactitude." These are called demon masters. Occasionally one is manufactured by rubbing the canvas with a lump of ash, so as to produce a [illegible] upon the canvas. This trick was played [illegible], but by the interstrokes, or crackings of pictures, made by certain French painters, as a [illegible] of making a reputation.

WOOD STAIN.—An excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows. Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

Walking advertisements: every man, woman and child who has once tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cannot say enough in its praise, and this is the reason why its sale is constantly increasing.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

BY ANNE BEALE.

Some think that our years, as they gather around us,
Bring only a surcease of sorrow and pain:
That they leave us more desolate still than they found us,
Bewailing the hours that return not again.

But years, like these autumn days, bring with them pleasures
To balance the pains we endure from our birth;
The storm passes by, and the sun opes his treasures,
And wakens to gladness a gloom-oppressed earth.

And thus may thy days, if a sorrow should cloud them,
Have a bright ray to cheer where the dark shadow fell;
And when the dull mists of affliction enshroud them,
Let the warm beams of friendship the chill damp dispel.

As the autumn's first snow on the mountain falls lightly,
And sparkles with gold as it melts in the ray,
So may all the chill cares that oppress thee end brightly,
And fade into joys as they vanish away.

And as years wander past thee, oh! blest be the dwelling
Where thou and thy loved ones upgrow side by side;
May the hearts it enshrines, with true sympathy swelling,
In unison keep time whatever betide.

So that He who looks down from His mansions above thee
May crown with His mercies thy peaceful abode,
And while thou hast dear friends and kindred to love thee,
Thy home may be watched by the eye of thy God.

THE CHARM OF FICTION.

NOVELISTS themselves have been keen devourers of works of fiction, not for the sake of gathering hints therefrom, but out of pure love for such reading.

Scott could not leave a word unread of a book with a story in it; he was a devout worshipper of Miss Edgeworth; and declared Jane Austen's talent for describing the involvement, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, was the most wonderful thing he ever met with.

He could, he said, "do the big bow-wow business himself with any one; but the exquisite touch which rendered commonplace characters interesting, was beyond his powers."

Washington Irving deprived his nights of sleeplessness of their tediousness by the aid of Anthony Trollope.

Miss Mitford never lost her love for the romances of her youth.

As a boy, Dickens revelled in "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote;" and in his manhood he read Hawthorne with delight, and had plenty of praise for George Eliot.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Miss Porter were the beloved romancers of Thackeray's young days. "O Scottish Chiefs," exclaims he, "did we not weep over you? O 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' didn't I and Briggs Minor draw pictures of you?"

Smollett and Fielding were so much to Thackeray's mind, that he held even their imitators dear; but his love for bygone novels did not prevent his appreciation of those of his contemporaries. He pronounced the production of the "Christmas Carol" to be not only a personal kindness to every man and woman reading it, but a national benefit; a compliment Octave Feuillet would not have deemed at all extravagant, holding as he did that good novels and pure novels went hand in hand in the history of nations; a good novel often exercising the functions of a literary thunderstorm, clearing the atmosphere of noxious vapors, and turning the thoughts of a misguided people into better channels.

No wonder the enthusiastic Frenchman pitied the young ladies of ancient days, and thought they must have had a dull time of it, with only the hexameters of Virgil and Ovid to satisfy their craving for literary recreation.

Literary preferences, like love preferences, are unexplainable. We like because we like.

Macauley's biographer says of him, that the day on which he detected, in the dark recesses of a Holborn bookstall, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambrige circulating library since 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar.

He exulted over the discovery of a wretched novel called "Conscience, which he owned to be execrable, as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakspeare with an inch and a half of margin.

"Why is it," he asks in his diary, "that I can read twenty times over the trash of ——, and that I cannot read Bulwer's works? It is odd; but of all writers of fiction who possess any talent at all, Bulwer, with very distinguished talent, amuses me least."

Bulwer, however, conquered him once, for he sets down:

"On my journey through the Pontine Marshes I finished Bulwer's "Alice." It affected me much, and in a way that I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed, I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering which they produce is to me real, and of that I have quite enough without them."

Theodore Hook relished nothing better with his wine than novels of a serious cast; and was so fond of "Gil Blas," that he made a point of reading it every year. He would cross-examine Sir Henry Holland's children in the most minute details respecting Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron, and could have done the same with regard to the "Pride and Prejudice" series, of which he said there were no compositions in the world approaching so near perfection; a eulogium Whately and Whewell would have indorsed.

Bishop Thirlwall's greatest pleasure was reading a novel in an open carriage while traveling.

Mackintosh soothed himself "before court" and refreshed himself after it by reading "The Old Manor House;" and so greatly dreaded arriving at the end of De Stael's "Corinne," that he prolonged his enjoyment by swallowing it slowly, that he might taste every drop.

Sir William Hamilton preferred novels of the Radcliffe type.

Eldon was as interested in sentimental stories when he had gained the goal of his ambition, as when he was young enough and romantic enough to compass a runaway marriage.

To to the last, Romilly delighted in the romances of Charlotte Smith.

Nor was Daniel O'Connell a callow youth when he vowed never to forgive Dickens for killing the heroine of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

Grains of Gold.

The pleasure of love is in loving.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Those who live to benefit others, are the happiest of mortals.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

We usually learn to wait only when we have no longer anything to wait for.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything.

Often what a man takes for the dictate of conscience, is nothing more than a whiff of impulse—a caprice.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom-bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

We are often selfish in our love, desiring more to be loved in return than to benefit the object of our affections.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

Innocent fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, nor is a thing wicked solely because it is agreeable.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

A life of earnest work and positive benevolence is the great safeguard against the selfish and slavish misery of oversensitiveness.

That person has the greatest honor and purest morals who is ready to pardon all mistakes in other people as if he himself offended daily.

The single effort by which we stop short in the downward path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

To begin well, and go on well, is best; but it is better to go on well after repeated failures, than to throw our whole cargo of good intentions overboard.

When doing what is right, the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practicing deceit, the mind labors, and every day seems to get worse.

It is very nice and easy to be amiable when tide and wind are in our favor; but adverse winds and currents test the tempers, whether they are for show or use.

Femininities.

Hurried dinners make worried sinners.

The Vassar girl's favorite Roman hero—Marius.

A receiving teller—The hostess at a sewing society meeting.

When the poet says, "Soft be thy slumbers," he means that the young lady shall not snore hard.

An English critic suggests that the cover of Queen Victoria's book ought certainly to have been brown.

To all mankind death is but a question of time; with womankind the length of her life is often merely a question of veracity.

The two headed lady on exhibition says that two heads are better than one, or else she would not be receiving $25 a week salary.

"The great beauty of a wife is," said a henpecked husband, "that even she abuses you herself, she won't allow others to do so."

"You see, I never contradict, and I sometimes forget," said Lord Beaconsfield, when asked why he was a favorite of the Queen.

Cashmere shawls are embroidered almost entirely by men, and sometimes a single garment represents the work of three generations.

The Duchess of Maine said to Madame de Stael, "I enjoy conversation so much, for everyone listens to me, and I can assure you I never listen to anyone."

Economy is wealth, but the boarding-house mistress who split the feathers in half so that they would go further in making beds, carried economy too far.

"Got on your husband's cravat, haven't you?" asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. "Yes," replied Mrs. B., sadly; "it is the only tie there is between us now."

The human is supposed to be far more intelligent than the brute creation, and yet ordinarily the street-car horse answers the bell quicker than the servant girl will.

Kate Shelly, the brave Iowa girl who saved a railway train from destruction, recently, is being made the subject of a poet's song. She deserved a better fate.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I would much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

A St. Louis doctor says that bonbons, sweetmeats, ice cream, etc., cause indigestion, headache, congestion of the liver, and are great source of boils and pimples. Cut this out and show it to your girl.

Alfred W. McKinney, of Troy, N. Y., died in Florida, and his wife carried the body home for burial. On arrival, it was found that the box only contained the casket. The body had been stolen en route.

Three Christian young women publicly embraced the Jewish faith at the Jewish Temple, in Cincinnati, recently. Two of them are engaged to be married to Jews, and the third is already the wife of a Jew.

"Be you not unequally yoked?" exclaimed a Western minister, in a sermon on ill-considered marriages. This is good advice, but how are young people to know before marriage which is the best fighter?

Woman is built so that she can but seldom throw straight. Providence, it is truly said, orders everything for the best, and after a husband has seen a cup sail harmlessly over his head, he can run before she gets another.

A fashion magazine asks: "What will the coming woman wear?" Mr. Boxford, who is an old bachelor, says that observation teaches him that if she is a fashionable woman, she will wear out her husband's patience.

"Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed the widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You should comfort yourself with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

"Mary," said an unposted father, addressing his daughter; "Mary what makes your cheeks flush so evenings when you expect your beau?" Before the daughter could reply, her mother softly whispered in his ear, "Hush! ain't you got sense enough to tell rouge from excitement?"

Whatever education or experience tends to make man or woman more thoughtful, more intelligent, more independent and happier, will also improve the work of the world, supply the wants of the community, and promote in the best and most permanent way the highest welfare of the country.

This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls is the only folks that always has their own way. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls, if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and pa says the less I know about them the better."

"What an exhibition!" exclaimed a jolly New York girl, as she laughed in the face of an old bachelor. "Me an exhibition?" demanded he; "what kind of an exhibition?" "A lone exhibition!" said she." "You are an artful creature," murmured the bachelor, as he moved beyond the circle of her influence.

Yes, my son, speak your mind; but be careful you mind your speak. Never say disagreeable things to persons who may have angered you. Tell them to a third party. Then, when they reach the ears of your offenders they will be a thousand times worse than your unassisted invention could possibly have made them.

Occasionally there is a human being who gets ahead of a grocer. A Louisville woman bought a hen, and placed her in a barrel to await the hour of execution. When the hen was taken out of the barrel a newly-laid egg was found in the bottom. As the grocer will never know who the woman was he cannot, of course, charge her for the egg, and it's a dead loss to him.

News Notes.

One tenement house in New York shelters 300 families.

Five suicides a day was the average in New York last week.

An Ohio physician is preparing a medical lexicon in 42 languages.

At a recent ball in London a lady wore a skirt studded with dead robins.

A Fargo grand jury indicts one of its own members for stealing wood.

Pearls are rapidly taking the place of diamonds as the most fashionable gem.

Buffalo druggists are engaged in a war of prices extending to everything they sell.

Thirty thousand women in Paris make a living by the production of artificial flowers.

Eight hundred and ninety-four of the 1,012 convicts in North Carolina are negroes.

A man in Violinia, Mich., pays $3.60 tax this year—60 cents on his house and lot, and $3 on his dog.

"Oysters by Post!" are advertised in London papers by the "Oyster Merchants' Association."

In the next four months five thousand Mormon converts from Europe are expected in New York.

It is stated that for every four law-breakers put in the Mississippi Penitentiary, one escapes.

A Denison, Texas, man pawned a cork leg with a pawnbroker for an advance of twenty-five cents.

New York City is to have a college for women as soon as the necessary money can be raised.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says he would much rather see a fire than a quarrel started in a church.

A girl fourteen years old has just been arrested in Boston for attempting to set fire to school buildings.

Deer in Florida are being slaughtered so rapidly that it is believed they will become extinct in a few years.

The total number of persons employed in France in rag-picking and allied industries is said to be 284,881.

In England the average of life exceeds that of France by 11 years, though the French climate is considered superior.

It is said to be a habit in rural Germany for men to comb their hair the first thing after they have sat down to table.

Although the introduction of horse railroads in Germany is of recent date, 44 towns have already constructed lines.

Fifteen millions of horses are owned in America, and more than a million must be bred annually to keep up the supply.

A poll is being taken at a Chicago dime museum to decide which of the 25 beauties on exhibition there is the most popular.

Cemetery headstones are used as targets by shooting parties of boys and young men in Eufaula, Ala., especially on Sundays.

The champion snake-killer is believed to be a resident of Perry county, Miss., whose record for last year foots up 386 snakes.

There were 258 applications for patents registered at the Patent office, Feb. 23d. This is the biggest day's business recorded.

Three hundred and nineteen different kinds of insects have been found on the leaves of trees in Central Park, New York.

A canary that whistles Yankee Doodle, and an eagle weighing 25 pounds, were among the entries for the bird-show in Boston.

A butcher in Warren, Mich., had a tramp arrested for burglary, because he stole into the shop and ate three pounds of raw meat.

A scientific writer states that boots and shoes may be rendered waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water.

According to recent returns, it has been demonstrated that the population of Paris alone spends over $4,000,000 a year on theatres.

It is proposed at Antwerp to bring there during the Universal Exhibition in 1885 the Great Eastern as a floating restaurant and hotel.

Crows first appeared in Russian after the French retreat from Moscow. The people still hate them, and call them Napoleon's scavengers.

Since the elevated cars came into use in New York, a correspondent says that giving up seats to women has almost entirely gone out of fashion.

There are five hundred Chinese in New York who regularly attend Sunday-schools, and there are one hundred who are members of Christian churches.

After a physician had tried in vain to dislodge two false teeth which a Pottsville, Pa., woman insisted had lodged in her throat, she found the teeth in a drawer.

The American bell-punch has been discarded on the London railways. It was considered a nuisance, and failed to prevent "knocking down" by the conductors.

Indianapolis papers allege that for nearly a dozen years past the History of the United States since 1860 has not been allowed to be taught in the public schools of that city.

Envelopes, made of vellum of the purest white, and bound all round with delicate tinted satin ribbon, which is tied into a knot and sealed with wax of the same shade, are a stationery novelty.

A picture of Lady Godiva riding through Coventry, was recently placed in the window of a picture-dealer of Atlanta, Ga., but the police, on complaint of some citizens, compelled its removal.

FATE.

A bright little girl,
Giving a twirl
On her skate;
A great bearded man
Right into her ran
Was it fate?

The ice being thin,
It let them both in;
He was stout,
He climbed up on the ice,
And—wasn't it nice?—
Pulled her out.

In twelve months down the aisle
She came with a smile,
On his arm.
Now she skates—little dear!—
And feels, as he's near,
No alarm.

—S. T. OLEN.

Facetiæ.

Consumers of time—Those who eat dates.

The Board of Trade—A shopkeeper's sign.

How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.

When is a boat like a pile of snow? When it is adrift.

What kind of money do misers like best? That of other people.

Capital punishment—To be kissed to death by a pretty girl.

What kind of meat is never cheap? Venison—it is always deer.

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she wants a mate.

What better time to be buried in slumber than at the dead of night?

The Georgia papers claim that not an editor or printer of that State is in a lunatic asylum, but we notice that they keep mighty quiet about the almshouses.

"Does your baby kick when you try to put it to sleep?" asked one young married man of another. "No," was the reply; "but I do when I'm asked to feed it."

"Does hanging diminish the number of murders?" shrieks a contemporary opposed to capital punishment. It may not, but there is one thing certain—it diminishes the number of murderers.

"Love is blind." Maybe that's why the gas is so often turned down in the parlor when love takes possession. Because why? Don't you see, love being blind, there is no sense in wasting gas to make light for it.

A colored man who charged another with assaulting and beating him, on being told by the Judge that no marks were visible, indignantly rejoined: "Does yo a'pose he hit me wid a piece of chalk?"

A woman never feels the need of a medical education so much as when she has a sore-nosed pug dog, and is undecided whether to give it a dose of brimstone and molasses or to put a strip of pink court plaster on the painful spot.

A convalescent small-pox patient looked in the mirror and exclaimed: "I used to be thought a nice-looking fellow, but what am I good for now?" "I don't know," replied his sympathetic friend, "unless you can be used as a thimble."

It goes to the mark, is the verdict on Heart Disease of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists.

An Iowa chemist recently discovered an explosive believed to be nineteen times as powerful as dynamite, but the secret of its composition was lost at the time of its discovery, together with the chemist and most of the glass in town.

ASTHMA
AND HAY FEVER
Their cause and cure.
Knight's new book sent free.
Address, L. A. KNIGHT,
15 East Third St., CINCINNATI, O.
☞ Mention particularly this paper.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

LINEN-MARKER STAMPS, made of metal, $1.00, with Ink and Pad. Rubber Stamps 60c. Printing Presses complete from $2 up. Post Marker and Canceler. Railroad and Bank Stamps, Seals, etc. Send 2c. stamp for circular. J. GOLDSBOROUGH, 11 South 9th St., (opposite new Postoffice) Phila., Pa.

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York.

CARDS 25 Fancy Transparent Cards and 25 Chromos, Motto and Verse Cards, name on, all 10c. F. L. SAMPSON, Cadiz, Ohio.

4 CABINETS. Actresses in tights, 25 cents. 10 Cards, 25 cents. MODELL, 308 Henry Street, N. Y.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

Warner Bros. Celebrated Coraline Corset. This Corset has been before the public but three years, but it has already reached the largest sale ever attained by any corset. Its merits are best proven by the fact that more than forty imitations have been put upon the market to sell upon the reputation of the Coraline.

Ask for Dr. Warner's Coraline Corset, and be sure the name "WARNER BROS." is on the box.

We also make the following corsets boned with Coraline: Health, Model Moulded, Nursing, Flexible Hip, Abdominal and Misses.

Price from $1 up.

FOR SALE BY LEADING MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

Avoid all imitations. Be sure our name is on the box.

WARNER BROS.,
353 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

MUSIC
FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

The Last Rose of Summer.
A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT 26C. WILL DO!
In order to secure new customers, we will send 100 Choice Embossed Pictures, 4 German Doll's Heads, 1 Elegant Birthday Card, 5 Imported Chromos, 25 Pretty Album and Reward Cards, 1 Album of 75 Colored Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 Odd Games, half dozen new style Red Napkins, 1 Pack Puzzle Cards. All the above goods, by mail, postpaid, for 26cts. in stamps. Five lots for $1.00. Address CHENEY & Co., Waltham, Mass.

PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS — **OUR SUNNY SOUTH** — $1.00 PER YEAR.
FOR SEMI-MONTHLY. 8 PAGES, 48 COLUMNS.
NO DISTRIBUTION. NO BLANKS. NO POSTPONEMENT. NOT A LOTTERY FRAUD.

THE FOURTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS among subscribers to "OUR SUNNY SOUTH" will take place **MAY 30th, 1884.** Every person who subscribes for the paper before that date, will receive a certificate in the distribution free, and every subscriber is guaranteed a premium. Among the many premiums to be distributed are

$1000 cash | $500 cash | $250 cash

160 ACRES OF LAND, ELEGANT $500 PIANO, ORGANS, WATCHES, HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES, BOOKS, NOVELTIES, ETC.

Everything guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. We desire to introduce our paper into 100,000 new homes this year. Our Company is chartered by the State of Texas, with a Capital of $25,000. Our Printing Establishment is the largest in the South. Our Company is endorsed by the entire Press and People of the South, as strictly reliable. We are the originators of the "NO BLANK" distribution plan, and have many imitators, whose extravagant offers are deceiving the people. Our offers are LIBERAL YET REASONABLE.

OUR SUNNY SOUTH is published semi-monthly, devoted to the interests of the farm and fireside. Send one dollar, at once, for a year's subscription and a certificate in the May distribution.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for full particulars. The first subscription received from each neighborhood will entitle the sender to full agent's outfit free.
Address, SUNNY SOUTH CO., Brownwood, Texas.

For a club of two subscribers and $2, we will send free a set of silver-plated spoons. For four subscribers and $4, we will send an extra copy of the paper for one year, and certificate, free. Our paper is the popular family journal of the South, and has already over 40,000 subscribers. It is no new enterprise, but has been established for eight years, and, by fair dealing and honest treatment, has won the confidence of the people.

The Postmaster at Brownwood, Texas, says: "The SUNNY SOUTH Co., of this place, is strictly reliable and trustworthy, and no one need hesitate to send them money, or fear being defrauded."

WALKER--THE BEST WASHER

Warranted 5 years, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **The Best, most Efficient, and Durable Washer in the world.** Has no rival, the only machine that will wash *perfectly* clean without rubbing. Can be used in any sized tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. So simple and easy to operate the most delicate lady or child can do the work. Made of Galvanized Iron, and the only Washer in the world that has the **Rubber Bands on the Rollers,** which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes.

AGENTS WANTED Exclusive territory. Retail price, $8.00. Agents' sample, $3.50. Also the celebrated **KEYSTONE WRINGERS** at Manufacturers' lowest price.

Circulars free. We refer to editor of this paper. Address **ERIE WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.**

visit Philadelphia **Wanamaker's Store**

GRAY NO MORE HAIR.

Buccelline, the Great Hair Restorer and Renewer, changes *gray hair* to its natural color, gradually and permanently. Not a dye. A marvellous invention. Gray-haired persons, old men and women, made to look young in three weeks. No more gray hair! Also grows hair rapidly and luxuriantly. Send for descriptive book, and testimonials and opinions of eminent chemists and doctors, etc., who recommend it highly. Address,

WEST & CO. 7 Murray Street, New-York.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LADIES
PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars 2 cts.*
Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Fancy Stylish Golden Bevelled, Scroll, Floral Edge, Hidden Name, Snowflake, Motto, Floral, Chromo and Verse Cards, with name, 10c. 4 Packs and Gent's complete album for 10c. Gold-plated scarf pin, 10c. Agts. Outfit, 10c. Allen Bros., Northford, Ct.

A Prize Send 6 cts for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co, Augusta, Me.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT
DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.

CRAZY PATCHWORK Send to the TALE SILK WORKS New Haven, Ct. (*the originators of the silk Patchwork craze*) for a dollar package of beautiful Silks for Patchwork, 6 packages $5. Embroidery Silk, assorted colors 20c. a package, 6 packages $1.

50 Double Enamel Chromo Cards. Embellished in many beautiful colors, with name 10c. Sample book, 25c. Steam Card Works, West Haven, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

Try The best cards for the money; 30 for 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

CARDS, 30 assorted Chromos (new) with name and 6 latest songs, 10c. Capitol Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED

MONARCH HORSE HOE
AND CULTIVATOR COMBINED
For Hoeing & Hilling Potatoes, Corn, Onions, Beets, Cabbages, Turnips, &c.

SENT ON **30 Days'** TEST TRIAL.

An immense saving of labor and money. We guarantee a boy can cultivate and hoe and hill potatoes, corn, etc., 15 times as easy and fast as one man can the old way. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address
Monarch Mfg. Co., 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

DRUNKENNESS
CURED IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.
Desire for stimulants entirely removed. Home treatment. Medicine can be administered without knowledge of patient, by simply placing it in coffee, tea or any article of food. Cure guaranteed. Send for Circulars. Address
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.
185 Race St., CINCINNATI, O.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.
Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.
No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for men or men of moderate means, in amounts of $200, $300 FOR LIFE. Send 2 cent for particulars.
W. ROBERTS, Manager, 176 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

3% LOANS,
For men of moderate means. Money loaned in any part of the country. Address, with 2-cent stamp,
MICHIGAN LOAN & PUB. CO., CHARLOTTE, MICH.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Send no capital. H. Yorke, 179 Greenwich St. N. York.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel, State which preferred; also a few to travel permanently for carriage and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write us. SLOAN & CO., 24 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Publisher

Of this Journal has known DR. LUTZE for Fifteen Years. Tho Doctor's Reputation and Experience as a Physician and Surgeon, are a Sufficient Guarantee of the Value of his

"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN."

No Advertisements of this Kind are Published in the "SATURDAY EVENING POST" Except those which the Publisher can Conscientiously Endorse.

From **"HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN"**—Much has been written in the last few years, upon the causes of the alarming prevalence of Female Weaknesses, and Diseases, in America. Fault has been found with the three or more flights of stairs of our dwelling and school houses, with operating on sewing machines, with the too long standing, required of lady clerks in stores, and so on. Much stuff has been written. The secrets are to be discovered more commonly in voluntary habits, quite outside of duty, occupation or surroundings, such as dress, diet, rest, exercise, fresh air, bathing, etc. To remove the causes of these troubles, the great thing to do, is to make ladies acquainted with physical laws, and with the possible serious consequences of neglecting nature's demand, particularly when special functions are involved.

HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN.

"Health Secrets for Women," is a little book by J. J. Lutze A. M., M. D., Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, Ex. Sec. to the Saginaw Academy of Medicine, author of various Monograms on the Diseases of Women &c., &c. It contains a description, in plain language, of the functions peculiar to woman, explains the causes of female weaknesses and diseases, and tells how to avoid, relieve, and cure such complaints. The book is full of useful information, and is written in such a way as to be instructive, and at the same time free from all suspicion, or suggestion of objectionableness, in any sense. Every lady, particularly every mother, should read it, keep it for reference when needed, and at the proper time give it to her daughter to read. If parents would act as though responsible to their children, instructing them about themselves when making the critical passage from boyhood to manhood, or from girlhood to womanhood, how much suffering might be avoided. We should then have stronger, healthier men and women, mentally and morally, as well as physically, less cause for shame, and more happiness in the world. "Health Secrets for Women," may be judiciously used by mothers, as a means through which, to give to their daughters, a word of instruction, advice, or warning, as occasion may require. The time has come in the world's great centres of learning, and the time is coming everywhere, when common sense, instead of prudery, must dictate the duties of parents, and it will no longer be considered the thing to allow our daughters to develop into womanhood, utterly ignorant of many of the dangers surrounding them, and of the terrible life-long consequences, of such health destroying practices, as are shown to be so sadly common, in the statistics and reports of our hospitals for women, and which arise from ignorance of the laws of nature. When children are educated as they should be, innocence will be better protected, and there will be a smaller, and less profitable field, for the unscrupulous operations of empirics and quacks. In "Health Secrets for Women," the symptoms of all gynecian affections, are given, with such directions as will enable ladies to judge for themselves, whether their troubles are really serious, or not, and with instructions so plain and full, as to what to do, that self-treatment will generally lead to a cure. A copy of this book will be sent to every lady purchasing "Dr. Lutze's Specific for Women."

"DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN."

This remedy is not a compound, or a number of medicines mixed together, with a sort of desperate hope that if one ingredient does no good, another may; or that by some lucky chance all together may relieve and cure. It is a preparation containing the virtues of a plant, long and well-known, which has relieved more suffering, and cured more complaints peculiar to women, than any other medicine. The plant was used by the Indians, and early settlers, for centuries, and has justly attained a world-wide reputation, for its curative properties, in Female Affections. The difficulty has heretofore been, that every time the remedy was needed a fresh preparation had to be made, because of the highly volatile nature of the active principle. Dr. Lutze has overcome this difficulty, and succeeded in so preparing the remedy, without heat, that it can be kept ready for use when needed, and does not lose its virtues from reasonable lapse of time or age. Many medicines, obtained from druggists, whose establishments are not convenient to the great laboratories of our manufacturing chemists, where remedies are prepared for use, are found to disappoint expectation. From standing too long on the shelf after opening, in bulk they lose their remedial worth. To avoid any difficulty arising from carelessness on the part of druggists, whether from keeping too long after exposure, unconsciously substituting something else, or from other cause, we have determined to call the attention of ladies everywhere to our Specific, and to send the remedy by letter, upon proper application, to any address. In consideration of the very great usefulness of this preparation for ladies, we cannot think that it would be right to confine a knowledge of it to the medical profession. Delicacy, and other reasons, often suggest self-treatment in female troubles. With the information to be found in "Health Secrets for Women," and with our Specific, ladies will frequently have better success in treating themselves, than by confiding their troubles to the care of general practitioners, who have neither the time, nor the disposition to make these affections a special study. We give a few symptoms and complaints for which this remedy is a specific.

The symptom of functional disorder, more common than any other, with married ladies, is "Weakness." Although this complaint requires early attention and treatment, because of the grave consequences which may follow want of care, it is the one of all others most neglected. The fact that there is little suffering, apart from the inconvenience accompanying this symptom for months or perhaps for years, sufficiently explains the too general carelessness. If the discharge is acrid, causes irritation of the outward parts, and this trouble is persistent, efforts looking for relief are natural. But it is too often the case, that there is no other inconvenience, than the extra trouble in connection with cleanliness, present for a considerable time. Then little warnings are felt. Occasional bearing down sensations, with headache, backache, and tired feelings, present themselves. At first they may be slight, and scarcely more serious than to attract attention. But by and by they increase in frequency, and become more severe, until at length life is made burdensome with suffering. Neglected, weakening discharges, cause more or less prolapsus of the womb, the natural support of that organ and its appendages are put on the stretch, and that peculiar feeling, as of a constant bearing down weight, with the direct and remote pains and aches so well known, add to the suffering. That this condition of things, with the bungleosome attempts at relief so often made, in the way of using iron, or wooden, or glass supports, in connection with the delicate structures involved, (a barbarous practice happily going out of fashion) should sometimes lead to the formation of tumors—even of cancers—and to other serious local, and constitutional complications, is not so wonderful as that mischievous, or fatal consequences are not more general. Ladies should never neglect the first symptoms of "Weakness." Leucorrhœa is not natural, and while the trouble from it may be slight, the most alarming and distressing results may follow the want of care. Dr. Lutze's "SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN," is a functional tonic, secretion regulator, and nervine. It almost instantly relieves from pain, causes the disappearance of bad symptoms, and effects astonishing cures in leucorrhœa. Very complete directions for the management of this weakness, are given in "Health Secrets for Women."

PERIODICAL SUFFERINGS.

In these troubles, efforts are usually made at the time of the periods, to heal the pain, and relieve the discomfort, but if the intervals are comparatively free from annoyance, such efforts are too generally confined to seeking relief from pain, *when present*, and what should be done in the time between the periods of suffering, is neglected. Of course much may be done to relieve pain during the paroxysms, but the time when treatment does most good, is when the patient may feel quite comfortable in the intervals. When the pains are so sharp, and the aches and sufferings so terrible, as to make life miserable, even when free from pain, from a dread of approaching agony, serious applications for relief and cure are made in various ways, and the carefulness which should have been observed in the beginning, is attended to. Very often inattention and want of care, in cases of periodical suffering, or dysmenorrhœa, lead to agonies of distress, which it is terrible to witness. DR. LULTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN gives immediate help in this class of troubles. The appearance of the scanty, reluctant secretions, in gushes, with a little relief—the suppression again, with returning pain, showing the difficulty nature has in doing her function, and these troubles continuing a longer or shorter time, till natural order is at length established for the month, with the various other symptoms from other than mechanical obstructions, are easily cured by this valuable remedy.

TOO FREQUENT AND TOO PROFUSE FUNCTIONS.

These irregularities commonly arise from a congestion of the parts, or an unnatural sensitiveness of the nerves controling them, and unless looked after and corrected in time, may lead to a general weakening of the constitution, low vitality, a marked decline, and to consumption.

In all these affections our Specific operates as a tonic, and sedative, strengthening the organs and the parts supporting them and promoting regular natural action. In Prolapsus Uteri; Displacements; "for preventing accidents sometimes caused by these troubles, but too often rather desired than guarded against;" to lessen the pains inseparable from motherhood; for establishing and maintaining the natural secretions for nourishing a child; as a means to correct ordinary disabilities, giving wives a knowledge of the ineffable joys of motherhood, and enabling them to confer upon their husbands the happiness of being fathers; for all functional disorders of girlhood, womanhood, motherhood and the change of life, and for the weaknesses and diseases arising from, and growing out of, these complaints, our remedy seems to be the one thing nature intended to relieve and cure. Sir J. Simpson, one of England's most eminent physicians, says of the plant from which DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC is prepared; "It is highly beneficial for women, who during pregnancy, and after confinement, occasionally suffer from great mental disturbance, sometimes amounting to madness." Indeed it has cured many cases of insanity, due to functional disorder. Prof. Ringer in his great work, so well known in all countries, treating on medicines in disease, speaks most highly of its value in female complaints, and gives other affections in which its immediate action, and curative effects, are astonishing. He thus states a case: "When the menses are suddenly checked from cold, shock, or mental emotion, or when from similar circumstances, the lochia are suppressed, distressing symptoms are apt to occur; as more or less severe pain in the head, in the back, and down the legs, stiff, sore muscles, and bearing-down pains. *This remedy will restore the secretions*, and remove the accompanying symptoms." Again: "It has been given, it is said, with much success, in influenza, and catarrhs, accompanied with headaches, stiffness of the muscles, dull, aching pain in the bones, and a bruised sensation, as if the body had been beaten all over." Again: "A patient is first troubled with pains, apparently rheumatic, in most of the joints, but with scarcely any fever or swelling. The disease soon seats itself in one part, as the wrist, or hand; the tissues here become thickened, the bones of the wrist enlarged, till after a time all movement is lost, and the member becomes useless. The Author has witnessed several times, the almost instant relief given by this drug, in cases like that just described, after iodide of potassium, and other remedies, have been fairly tried in vain, the pain giving way at once, and the joints becoming again supple and useful." This Author also speaks of the astonishing cures made by this remedy, in St. Vitus's Dance, Acute and Chronic Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, simple and putrid Sore Throat and says that it is most highly praised by those most experienced in its use.

In the U. S. Dispensatory, the remedy is thus referred to: "It was originally employed in domestic practice in rheumatism, dropsy, hysteria, and various affections of the lungs, particularly those resembling consumption." "Several cases of Chorea (St. Vitus's Dance) were recorded by Dr. Jesse Young, in which it effected cures; and the Editor of the *Am. Journ. of the Med. Sciences*, stated that he had been informed by Dr. Physick, that he had known it, in the dose of ten grains every two hours, to prove successful in the cure of that complaint, in several instances." "We have administered the medicine in St. Vitus's Dance, with complete success, and have derived the happiest effects from it, *in a case of periodical convulsions*, connected with uterine disorder." "Dr. F. N. Johnson has employed it with extraordinary success in acute rheumatism; the disease generally yielding completely in eight or ten days." "It undoubtedly exercises a considerable influence over the nervous system, probably of a sedative character; and has been thought by some to have a special affinity for the uterus. Our Specific stimulates the secretions, and regulates them; particularly, those of the skin, kidneys, and mucous membranes. We cannot too strongly recommend it, in *all family troubles*, for its *safety* and *certainty* of action; and apart from these complaints, in rheumatism, kidney diseases, dropsy, nervousness, headache, influenza, catarrh, sick-headache, feebleness from indiscretions, excesses, etc., etc.

Dr. Lutze will give advice, and full directions, for self-treatment, free, by letter, in all cases, and at once tell ladies who may suffer from any functional trouble, upon receiving answers to a list of questions, which will be sent upon application, what it would be advisable for them to do. If other remedies than our Specific are needed, the Doctor will either give full instructions what to get, and how to use such remedies free, or will send them, upon the receipt of cost. In "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," ladies will find so much information, easily understood, on Female Affections, that they will generally be able to decide whether their troubles will yield to self-treatment or not. In the exceptional cases, where they cannot tell, we repeat, that upon application, Dr. Lutze will cheerfully, freely, and promptly send the necessary advice by letter. In fact we cordially invite confidential correspondence, and earnestly desire that ladies who are troubled with any weakness, or disease, of a functional character, may feel that we are always pleased to hear from them, and that it is no inconvenience for us to answer them, as that is part of our business. If the knowledge gained by unusual hospital facilities, and many years practice, largely devoted to the diseases of women, can be made useful for the relief of suffering, and the cure of disease, in connection with our SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, or if such knowledge can be made serviceable in directing ladies what to do, in cases where operative interference, or other special treatment may be necessary, the Doctor will be glad to be in any degree, or in any way helpful. In female complaints, dyspepsia, or constipation of the bowels, are frequently, indeed, usually troublesome to some extent. Complete directions for their management are on every box of the Specific. The price of Dr. Lutze, SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, is $2.00 a box. Upon receipt of the price, it will be sent by mail, to any address. All orders for the Specific, should be sent to Bowen, Lutze's & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Penna. In writing for advice, or for treatment, address, Dr. Lutze, in care of Bowen, Lutze & Co. In writing the proprietors of the remedy, or Dr. Lutze personally, give names plainly, and be sure to give the county and State, as well as the Post-office, to avoid mistakes. "Money in registered letters at our risk." The "manufacturers and sole proprietors of this valuable discovery" have made arrangements, whereby Dr. Lutze devotes his entire time, and exclusive attention, to the class of troubles for which the Specific is recommended, treating cases at distance, by letter, or personally, at the office. Consultation free at office or by letter.

☞DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN cures, Pruritus Vulva, Vulvitis, Amenorrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Dysmenorrhœa, Menorrhagia, Inflammation, Ulceration, etc. etc. Every lady should keep it. "For the complexion it is better than arsenic," and it removes the roughness caused by powder or paint. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE two very distinct and opposed styles which have ruled the feminine toilet of late, the one represented by straight, sheath-like skirts, scant draperies and plain bodices modeled upon the jersey, the other characterized by puffed skirts, shirred and plaited waists, and full draperies much bunched up about the hips, will, it appears, continue to hold their own side by side during the coming season, and accordingly women of the most opposite types and tastes will be able each and all to dress as best suits them, while still remaining within the pale of the prescribed fashions.

True elegance is always simple; rich as you like, but simple in line and expression always.

Perfect beauty in art and in nature has invariably this characteristic of simplicity.

And women whose dresses is to them an artistic study should never forget this fact. That is what makes picturesqueness.

Men are usually more susceptible to this picturesqueness of simple harmonious lines than women.

The details of plaitings or box-plaitings, puffs or shirrs, to which women give so much thought, escape them.

What strikes them is the "ensemble," the silhouette, and it strikes them half unconsciously to themselves, so that they feel a woman is charmingly dressed without being able at all to tell why or where.

From the artistic standpoint, meaningless details, trimmings and knots and ends which have no significance are utterly to be avoided.

But women cannot dress entirely according to artistic principles. They cannot thus emancipate themselves from fashion.

What they can do is to reconcile the two as closely as possible. We shall not say that the fuller style of dress which divides favor with the plainer one at present is not artistic and picturesque upon occasion.

We have in previous papers paid our homage to the puffed overdress and full waists against which a close low bodice of velvet has such a charming effect, with its little peasant girl look.

A slim waist stands out delightfully from among voluminous puffs of material caught about the hips—the good sides of this fashion we freely confess and admire.

With but very little personal grace or taste, with not a very extensive wardrobe, either, a woman cannot go so very far astray if she keeps to the plain styles.

But with the more elaborate ones it is a different matter.

And the elaborate style of the day, with its draperies of three or four different materials sometimes—such things happen in Paris—disposed upon the skirt, and its flowing ribbons, and high shoulders, and plaitings and shirrings over the bust, demands certain very distinct personal attributes besides—it demands youth, natural grace, a good carriage and a very slight figure.

Moreover, an inferior dressmaker will make havoc of a costume of this sort; with the plain tailor styles her worst at least escapes being offensive.

It is very pleasant to know that lace dresses are not to lose any of their well deserved popularity.

As many will be made for the watering places this coming summer as last year.

Not only black and creamy-white lace dresses will be worn, also, but colored ones as well; these, however can never attain the same degree of favor as the others.

Quite a number of black lace dresses are beginning to be made already.

A foundation of satin or of surah is always used, and this material is often plaited and puffed into trimmings which serve to heighten the effect of the lace ingeniously disposed around or upon them.

Up to the present time nothing newer, as to making, has been desired than to cover the skirt with flounces of lace eight, ten or twelve inches in depth upon the front, with two flounces continued around the back, perhaps, and to drape a lace polonaise above the same, gathering it quite high across the hips and letting it fall low in the back.

A basque, pointed in front, and a full overdress is substituted when preferred.

All the draperies are caught securely to the satin underneath, and rosettes of satin ribbons may or may not be thrown here and there.

A more effective addition, and one which greatly adds to the elegance of the toilet, is a trimming of rich jet drops or pendants set against the flounces at intervals of several inches apart. The glittering strands are charming, half lost amid the cobwebby folds of lace.

The bodices of lace dresses that are cut square at the neck (which most of them are) are now very generally laced up in the front instead of being buttoned.

The effect is much better, when the figure is stout, especially, as there seems to be a gain in fit—the waist being imprisoned more snugly.

This same mode of fastening is resorted to very largly for black grenadines also and other dresses of thin material.

Jetted net over black satin already announces itself as a special favorite for handsome spring costumes.

The entire front of the skirt is covered with this, very frequently, and a little mantle is added for the street, the sleeves being of the jetted net, while the fronts and the narrow back breadth are of plain satin.

A bonnet with a rather high crown covered with jetted net and puffs of velvet on the brim, with a cluster of black or of colored tips in front, completes very nicely a stylish costume.

We have seen a dinner dress of black ottoman mixed with this same jetted net that was most effective.

The train was long, and square, and plain, the front covered with net; the bodice cut out in shield-shape at the neck, and over this was laid a bit of the net that looked very pretty next to the white skin; the elbow sleeves were of jetted net also, and transparent.

And here mention may be made of another dinner dress of a very "distingue" effect which we noticed last week:

A train of black velvet, plain, and a front of the same opening upon a narrow petticoat of white satin covered with "bouillonnes" of white tulle, caught across once or twice with white satin and velvet ribbons, falling in loose loops.

Square cut neck with a flaring collar of "pointed' Angleterre" at the back of the neck, elbow sleeves finished with the same lace over white tulle.

One row of white pearls clasped tightly about the throat by one large black pearl.

Hair worn very high, with a white feather pompon and aigrette. Fan of smoked pearl with a superb bit of "point d' Angleterre" laid over black tulle, for the top. Tan-colored gloves. Black satin slippers with tiny Rhine-stone buckles on a satin rosette.

"Grandes mondaines" abroad, it would appear, are giving up high Louis XV. heels in favor of flat ones.

For the morning, for the promenade and, indeed with all but the fullest of "full dress," this new caprice is being followed by all those who a year or two ago would have shrieked at the mere mention of so very unesquettish a fashion.

Should the fancy for flat heels become universal it would not be so difficult for American women to adopt, as they have never taken to the Louis XV. heels as kindly as their transatlantic sisters.

A new caprice in jewelry has declared itself. It is for narrow bracelets studded with stones, the initial letters of which spell the name of the donor or of the recipient of the said bracelet.

The stones are sunken in gypsy fashion into the bangle in most cases; the emerald, the amethyst, the onyx, the moonstone, the jade, the bloodstone, the diamond appear side by side in juxtaposition novel for them, made necessary by the exigencies of the case.

Naturally it is not an easy thing to spell every given name with the initial letters of precious stones.

Diagonal trimmings for the front of bodices are increasing in number and in favor abroad.

There are those which may be counted among neck dressings, of which we have already spoken, and which are made of black or of white lace, of beaded net, of black or white tulle, and there are those which are attached permanently to the toilet.

As an example of the latter manner, a costume of black velvet is cited which has a trimming of jet passementerie, simulating cherries, across the bodice, from the left shoulder to the right hip. The skirt is cut into points on the edge.

These fall over fan-shaped clusters of plaits; upon each point is a little bunch of passementerie cherries to match the "cordon" on the waist.

Fireside Chat.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN COOKERY CONTRASTED.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

OUR cooks make an imitation Bain Marie when they stand a jug in a saucepan of water to make custards.

On one side of the stove is a place for charcoal or embers, and a gridiron.

A fire of this kind gives off a clear heat, and is soon lighted; it is much easier to broil over than a coal fire, and much cleaner.

For frying, there are pans of three sorts—a straight-edged, shallow one, called a sautior, a frying-pan such as we use, called a poele, used for omelets, &c., and the frying-pan or poele a frire, a large deep saucepan with two handles, and which has a long handled wire saucepan that fits into it.

In this, Beignets (fritters), small fish, potatoes, or pastry is fried.

The cook will place the articles to be fried in the wire basket, and then place the basket in the pan of boiling fat, which she will have ready.

There are also some brown jars with covers and handles; these are used for stewing in, and as they do not get as quickly from a simmer to a boil, are preferable to saucepans for many things.

In this kitchen they use one of these earthenware pots, which is white inside, for boiling the milk for the morning coffee.

In England the cook puts the milk in a saucepan and boils it up quickly; if it has to wait a little, she puts it well back for fear it should burn.

When it is wanted, she pours it into a jug, the thick scum remaining in the saucepan.

She sends up a poor thin fluid, tasting like milk and water, and scarcely showing when added to the coffee. If sufficient milk is added the coffee seems poor.

In France, the milk for the Cafe-au-Lait is boiled in a deep, small, round pan. Before putting the milk in, it should be wetted with cold water, to prevent its burning; then the milk, instead of being boiled up in a hurry, should be simmered for half an hour at least.

When it is poured out, it will be about as thick as single cream, and you will have an important element of good French "Cafe-au-Lait."

While I am writing of milk, I will tell you how to make a cup of chocolate in the French way. I think some of my readers will like to try it.

Take an inch wide stick of chocolate (Menier, I prefer), place it whole in a saucepan just large enough to let it lie flat, only cover it with water, then put it on the fire to dissolve.

Shake the saucepan now and then to help it, but do not use a spoon or try to hurry it, or you will have a sediment at the bottom of your cup, which there should not be if the chocolate is properly made.

When the whole stick is dissolved, add half a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the time, and you will then have a cup of delicious chocolate.

Before entering on the subject of cooking the viands, I want my readers to consider what the French cook, and how limited the number of our ailments are when compared with theirs.

I have myself eaten in France, and found very good when well cooked, conger eel and dog-fish.

I do not think the latter is ever eaten in America, nor are escargots, a sort of large sea snail. Doubtless most of my young readers would be disgusted at the idea of eating a snail, and forget how many Americans eat periwinkles. I do not know how the latter taste, but they certainly look less tempting than escargots do when they are served as they are in France, with the shells filled up with green breeemeant.

I have also seen mussels (moules in French) cooked in seven or eight different ways. In many Paris restaurants they are served for the dejeuner, sometimes in a tureen, with a great deal of sauce; and are not to be despised.

There are many other denizens of the river and the sea that are good when well dressed, but which we never put on table here.

Vegetables are eaten in much larger quantities than in England. Paris itself is much better supplied than London, there being many more market gardens round it.

In the Paris markets vegetables are frequently sold prepared for use; for instance, you can buy carrots ready shred for your Julienne soup, potatoes ready washed, beans cut—all a saving of time, and a great help to those who do their own cooking.

The salad is a great feature in all French housekeeping; it is made with almost anything.

The poor man will pick dandelion and lambs-lettuce, and make a salad of them, if he has nothing else.

A lettuce seems to us always to be the necessary base of a salad, whereas almost any cold vegetables, such as young potatoes, French beans, haricot beans, broad beans, or peas make very good salads.

Fresh tomatoes and Barbe de Capucin (a sort of endive that is tied up to blench and covered over, as the growers do celery here).

Barbe de Capucin is a winter salad, and is so useful, I wonder it is not grown here.

Lettuce and endive, which we only use uncooked, make extra vegetables in France, as they are stewed in various ways. Leeks and sorrel (oseille) are also much eaten.

Perhaps the greatest difference is in the consumption of animal food. I suppose it arises partly from our not taking sufficient trouble over the preparation of our food, that we are certainly the most dainty of Caucasian nations.

We exclude so much from our tables as not "good enough" to serve, which, when we are abroad, most of us enjoy in happy ignorance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

N. C. H.—Send it on and if good enough we will use it.

W. H. S.—You can get one in this city at prices ranging from five to fifteen dollars.

W. L. S.—They have no value furthermore than as waste paper, for which you must seek a market in the most available place.

D. B. H.—The manner of address, when there are ladies present should always be: "Ladies and Gentlemen," the latter last.

L. W.—We think you had better try again. No doubt the young lady likes you, and another time you may have better success. Nothing venture, nothing won.

TRUE.—We think you had better wait a little longer. If he cares for you he will speak fast enough; but you must not let him see you are anxious. If you inquire of his companion it will be sure to get to his ears.

MOTHER.—It is a mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. Studious men live as long as persons of any other professions. We do not approve, however, of too much task-work for children.

APPRENTICE.—No; stop and learn your trade. It is a bad beginning in life to break down in such an important engagement. In the meantime, study good dramatic works and go occasionally and see the best exponents of the histrionic art.

ROSE.—To destroy the blight on the rose-trees you might burn some brimstone on a shovel under them, and we think that the fumes would destroy it. With a little more care you would write well, but your "g" is a very poor specimen of its kind.

MAYLLIS.—The children of brothers are first cousins, those of first cousins are second cousins and so forth. Your father's first cousin is your first cousin "once removed," and so is your mother's, the descent not being even—that is, you are not of the same generation.

J. B.—A "spectroscope" is an instrument employed for determing the chemical constituents of substances by examining the spectra of their flames exhibited in it. It consists of a tube, at one end of which is a convex lens, and at the other of an adjustable opening, long and narrow.

E. L. W.—You might write a second time merely asking if your first letter was received. Say nothing more than what suffices to put such a question in shape. (2) Chrysanthemum, white, means truth; yellow, stylish love; Rose, I love. The others we do not know by the name you give them.

ARMINE.—The word Flaneur means an idler; and the gentleman who writes under that name, and is, by the way, one of the most industrious of our hard-working authors, means to convey by it that his article gives a resume of book and art news, and of the talk of politics and society, such as an intelligent idler would pick up whilst in society.

BOB.—Not knowing anything about you or your friend, it is not easy to give you a verse suitable for her album. If she is your best friend you may use Longfellow's lines:—

"Yes, we must ever be friends: and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest, and dearest."

DOLLY.—Perhaps you have dark eyes and hair, and in this case to be pale is very general, and does not indicate any delicacy. "Leave well alone." You do not wish us to propose your trying raw beefsteaks on your cheeks at night to produce a color, as some vain folks did in the eighteenth century: or even to propose your keeping a butcher's shop, as a color appears to be the usual result!

SCRNY EYES.—(1) No, we think she has a right to kiss, and he ought to feel offended if she did not. (2) We should take him for a fool or a rascal; anything in fact but a gentle or honest man. (3) The plural of the words is "es." (4) From two years to six according to circumstances. (5) One has as many admirers as the other. For ourselves we like light hair the best, and consequently think it prettiest on a woman.

SUBSCRIBER.—The fickleness of the young man is the cause of the breaking of the engagement, if there ever was one. From what you say of him he seems just the kind of person to pretend to have been engaged, under the supposition that it would enhance his importance in the eyes of the girls of his acquaintance. He is evidently a selfish and trifling man, whom your friend should have as little as possible to do with.

PUZZ.—We do not undertake to tell our correspondent their characters by the style of their writing: but we regret to say that, judging from yours you must be rather careless, in the matter of neatness more especially, and this idea is borne out by the fact that your spelling has been sadly neglected likewise. You had better keep a dictionary by you, and refer to it frequently, when next you have occasion to write a letter.

LEONIE L.—We think the young man is not a fit correspondent or associate for you. His persistent deception shows that he wants one of the first principles of a true gentleman. To act a lie is as bad, if not worse, than to tell one. If you love him of course it would be throwing away words to tell you to try and forget him. But whatever the result, we believe you will live to be glad you have had nothing more to do with him. (2) Your writing is very handsome and if you exercised as much taste in spelling would be faultless. "Querrier" "writting" "beleive" is not the way most people write these words. You should also begin each sentence with a capital instead of a small letter.

L. A.—If you act as sensibly towards the young man, as you write concerning yourself and him, there is little likelihood of your making any mistake. First and foremost, however, we think just now your parents are your best advisers. Ask them what to do and be guided by their advice, for at least, a few years more. In going with your father to the party in preference to the young man, you did right, but we think the latter is laboring under a mistake. You might write and let him know the real circumstances of your declination, and invite him to call on you. Should he not be satisfied with this, you can safely let the matter rest. As to your being in love, there is time enough for that yet, so do not force yourself to the belief you have caught the infection. It is always a satisfaction to hear from our readers, so write as often as you please.